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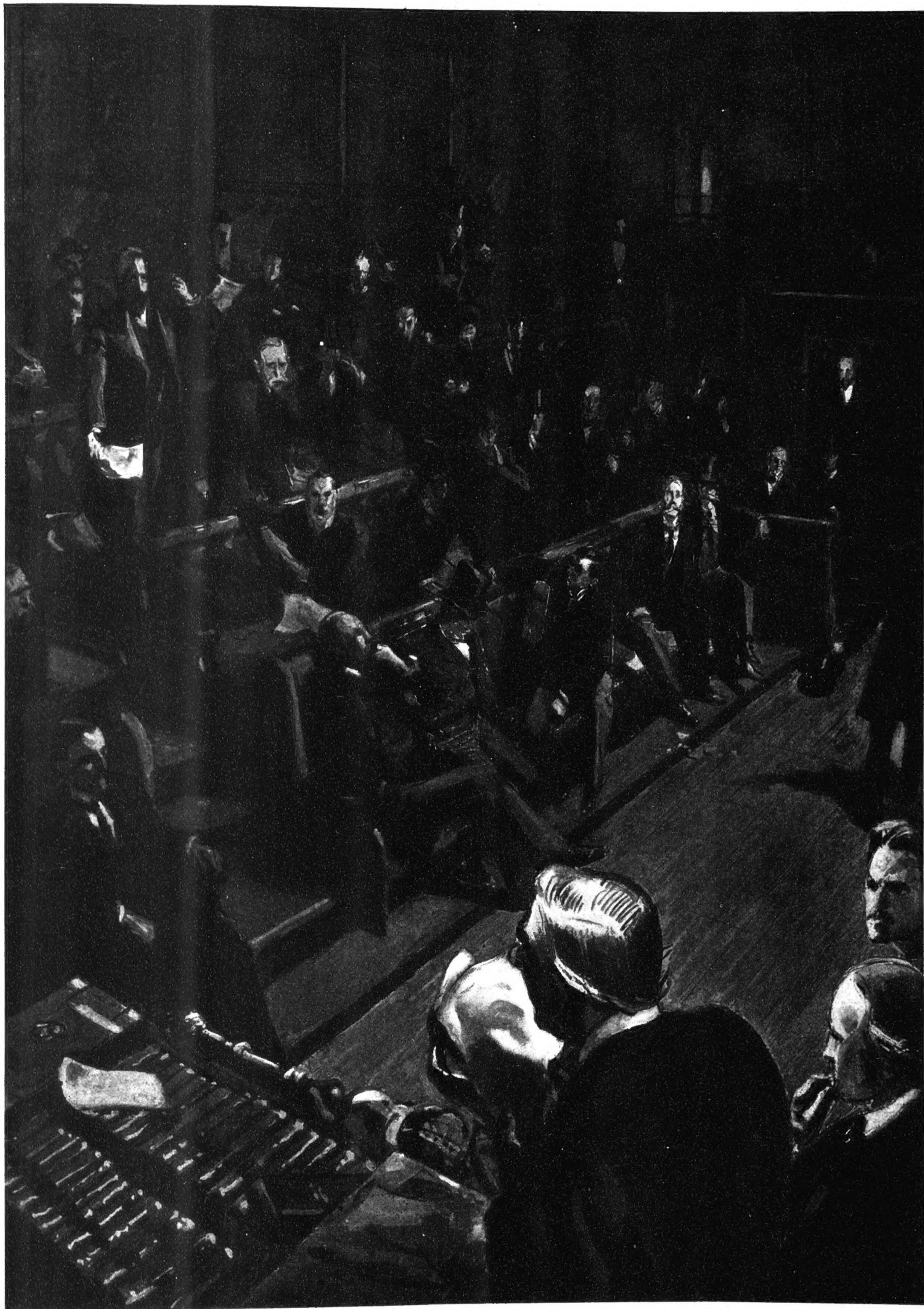
EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1899

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS

"The Pope's Swiss Guard" and "Chinese Reception"

PRICE NINEPENCE
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"ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY IS IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY"

THE NAVY ESTIMATES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MR. GOSCHEN'S STATEMENT INTERRUPTED

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Topics of the Week

The Gnawing of China

WHAT Mr. Gibson Bowles happily described the other day as "the gnawing of China," is proceeding merrily. So far, it is true, very little real progress has been made; but the areas marked out for themselves by the respective rodents are large enough, and it is difficult to say how much of

China will be left when their prescribed mastications are all duly completed. With the Yangtze Valley in the possession of England, Manchuria in the hands of Russia, Shantung held by the "mailed fist" of Germany, the provinces bordering on Tonkin ruled by France, Che-Kiang occupied by Italy, and Fukien reserved by Japan—not to speak of the as yet unformulated aspirations of Austria and Belgium, and the separatist designs of the Mahomedans of Kashgar—the Emperor of China and his energetic aunt will be fortunate if they can find even a small sphere of influence, in which eventually to end their days. There can be little question that China has fallen on evil times, and that the soothsayers are spelling out the dread word Partition to the antique Empire. We search in vain for a sign of self-assertion among the hundreds of millions who own the King of Heaven as their liege lord—and not only self-assertion in a military sense, but in that sense of pure and intelligent administration which might deprive the invading "barbarian" of a legitimate excuse for extinguishing their national existence. It is curious to notice how, in spite of all this unmistakable evidence of the break up of China, the Powers still affect to believe in the integrity of the Empire. In the recently published Blue Book professions of faith to this effect crop up on every other page. When a Power wants a leasehold or a sphere of influence, the alleged object usually is to enable the said Power to defend the integrity of China. If, on the other hand, a Power is engaged in opposing the pretensions of a rival, it is equally on account of the cherished integrity of the Celestial Empire. Is it not time to end all this make-believe and to come to a definite understanding in regard to the destiny of this helpless State? If it is possible to preserve it intact, why should not the Powers come to some arrangement by which the present form of government might be mended and a chance given to the much worried Empire. If, on the other hand, partition is inevitable—as it certainly seems to be—there is all the more reason for the Powers to take counsel together and to determine how the gigantic work may be safely carried out. To drift in a question of this kind is to court perils of unprecedented magnitude. If a fresh pandemonium of international jealousies is to be established in the Far East the outlook for the world at the end of the century will be sombre indeed. The question is eminently one for a Conference of the Powers. Such a Conference would unquestionably serve the interests of international peace far more effectively than the assembly of Plenipotentiaries which is shortly to meet at The Hague to consider the Tsar's scheme of Disarmament.

The personal meeting of the Kaiser and Mr. Rhodes must have been of living interest to both. Although circumstances, patriotic and political, brought them at one time into very sharp antagonism, and nearly precipitated hostilities between their respective nations, it may be questioned whether they did not secretly admire one another. Had the Emperor been placed under the same patriotic temptation as Mr. Rhodes was, we make very little doubt that he would have stretched out the "mailed fist" in the direction of Pretoria. The "Krugersdorp mistake" had a large measure of genuine knight-errantry in it, and although it was Dr. Jameson who entered the lists, Mr. Rhodes was in readiness to give him quick support. Happily, all but the chivalrousness of the Raid is now forgotten, and no shadow from it fell, we make sure, on the Berlin interview. Two strong men met together to see whether a certain difficulty, detrimental to both their countries, was really irremovable, and the result of this conference is stated to have been in every way successful, so that it is a safe assumption that the way has been smoothed for more formal negotiations. For either England or Germany to delay railway extension in Africa would be about as sensible as if they were to refuse to trade with one another in Europe.

Throughout the debates on the Navy Estimates, a tone of insincerity characterised most of the hostile criticisms. No one of any mark had the courage to carp at the Government for extravagance of outlay. Neither was it pretended that the nation does not get good money's worth. But Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth deemed it incumbent on him to have a fling at the policy which renders it necessary for England to maintain an overpowering maritime force, while Mr. Channing took up his parable against "provocative programmes." All this sort of talk is irrelevant; the estimates have had to be again inflated wholly and solely because certain other Powers had done so. Of course, if England were prepared to give up her maritime supremacy there would be no further occasion to build great warships. But the Briton has not come to that decision yet.

On the contrary, every year gives more enlightenment to the popular mind as to the paramount necessity of insuring naval protection for every part of the Empire as well as for our shores. The English people desire peace with all their hearts, but it must be of such a character as to free them from danger, whether of invasion or of commercial ruin. Therefore, in order to make quite sure of that sort of peace, this country undertakes to police the high seas in such a vigilant and effectual manner as to deter evil characters from following the bent of their inclinations.

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

To the long-suffering private member the whirligig of time brings its revenge. Through this Session, as far as it has gone, the private member has heroically struggled against the temptation to go away home and let the House be counted out when it has been set apart for him on Tuesday nights. He knew that if he were weak in that respect he would be giving the enemy occasion to blaspheme. None but those who had suffered in his company know how grievous is this burden. Having borne it, it was a little hard to have Mr. Balfour calmly reaching forth his hand and appropriating, in quite unexpected manner, Tuesday in this week.

The tragedy came about quite accidentally. It was part of the Ministerial programme that Friday in last week should be devoted to discussion of the Army Estimates. Vote No. 1 of this group must necessarily be taken before the close of the financial year, in time to be included in the Appropriation Bill. Had all gone well the Vote would, doubtless, have been agreed to on Friday. But things went far from well. Someone responsible for making up and printing the Orders of the Day on Friday omitted to include the Army Estimates. The Rules of the House forbid any business, large or small, being forced upon its attention without due notice. Accordingly, objection being taken to the Army Votes coming on in these circumstances, Mr. Balfour felt himself unable to insist, and Friday became a lost sitting, members getting away shortly after seven o'clock.

There remained the necessity of hurrying through the Vote for the Navy, and Mr. Balfour, having no Government time at his disposal, proposed to appropriate Tuesday. With the majority at his back resistance was hopeless. Nevertheless, if private members could not defeat the Master of Legions in the division lobby, they could make him pay a good price for the prize he snatched. This fine took the form of something over an hour abstracted from Monday's sitting, whilst members discussed whether the Government should have, as they claimed, the whole of Tuesday. Of course they got it in the end, Mr. Balfour smoothing matters by giving the assurance that after Vote 1 of the Army Estimates and three non-contentious votes had been agreed to he would move to report progress, and the rest of the night would revert to the original leaseholder. A pretty picture this made. Supply closed, say by nine o'clock, and members hurrying over their dinner crowding in to hear Mr. Channing discourse on tuberculosis.

What actually happened on Tuesday was that questions, which usually commence at half-past three in the afternoon, were not reached till eight o'clock. At half-past eight, instead of at four o'clock as was reasonably anticipated, the House got into Committee on the Army Estimates, and when at midnight it necessarily adjourned, it had not got Vote 1. This catastrophe was due to the private member. As has been shown several times in this column, the Mother of Parliaments, in its wisdom, places itself abjectly under the heel of the member in charge of a private Bill. He may put it down for any day he likes, and will thereupon come on first, remaining in possession as long as he pleases, whatever be the magnitude of the Imperial interests whose way he blocks. On Tuesday it happened that two railway Bills stood on the Orders—one dealing with the amalgamation of the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover, the other with the concerns of a group of Irish railways. The English Bill coming first made an appreciable inroad on a sitting compulsorily limited to nine hours. It was nothing to the expansion of debate on the Irish Bill. This innocent-looking measure opened afresh the wounds of friendship in the Irish ranks, Mr. John Redmond undertaking to move its rejection, Mr. John Dillon ranged himself on the other side. There being no possibility of a three-cornered site, Mr. Healy, compelled to join one or other of his esteemed colleagues, threw in his lot with Mr. Dillon. Mr. Redmond having opened the scrimmage with a speech that exceeded twenty minutes' duration, no self-respecting Irish member who followed would demean himself by talking for less than twenty-five minutes. That limit established, the next man must go five minutes better. So the slow hours wearily wended, and eight o'clock struck before the Speaker called on the first member on the long list of questions.

All this happened because someone blundered over the Order paper. The effect on the temper of the House and the state of public business is more marked than seems reasonable to expect from a comparatively small cause. The House is always sensitive on the question of the arrangement of its business, expecting the machinery to run without a creak. It is certainly for the moment in a sadly hampered state. There is talk of suspending the Twelve o'clock Rule, and even of a Saturday sitting. Meanwhile, Ministers continue to bring in Bills as if there was an unrestricted, well-kept, lawn over which to roll them into the Statute Book. This week Mr. Chamberlain has brought in a Bill rough-hewing a plank in what is known as his social programme. It proposes to empower local authorities to become a sort of Benevolent Building Society, advancing money to persons who have not quite enough wherewith to purchase their dwelling-places. He speaks of it lightly as a non-controversial measure, the principle of which has been thrice affirmed by the House. That is all very well, but on those earlier occasions the Bill has not been in the hands of the Colonial Secretary. There are a good many old friends on the Benches opposite who are not predisposed to regard with special favour a Bill on the carrying of which Mr. Chamberlain is known to have set his heart.

Another Government measure round which there will be even a more desperate fight is the Automatic Couplings Bill in charge of Mr. Ritchie. Already the clans, represented by railway managers and owners of private waggons, are mustered against it in numbers that threaten its young life.

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

DR. DRURY FORTNUM, whom death removed last week from the front rank of collectors and connoisseurs, was known mainly to Londoners by his South Kensington handbooks, and chiefly for that which he lately enlarged into his great work on majolica. There is no book in the English language upon this subject which can compare with it, and it needs but the correction of a few errors and of such occasional modification as may be required by more recent researches to keep it up to date, to maintain its position as the standard treatise on the subject. He would have become still better known to the Metropolis, however, had he not taken offence at the management of South Kensington, as I once heard from him. By this adverse feeling Oxford greatly benefited, for in the fine building erected in the rear of the Taylor Galleries is now displayed his magnificent collection. This remarkable gathering of works of art, classic and Renaissance, is doubtless the finest of its kind outside the British Museum and South Kensington.

The national collection at the Tate Gallery is growing so rapidly that it is clear that Sir Henry Tate did not determine to fill the ten new rooms a moment too soon. Five works have recently been added, of which, no doubt, the "Cheyne Walk," by Botticelli, presented by Mr. Homan, is the most delightful. Works by Copley Fielding, Catermole, William Bennett, and A. D. Nelson are also included in the list; while two by Andrew Millum represent the charming artist whose death suddenly awakened so much sympathy and regret a few years ago. It may not be out of place to express a hope that the standard of excellence acquired for admittance to this gallery will be strictly maintained; and that in the interests of it and of the public the Trustees may err, if err they need, on the side of strictness and exclusiveness.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore is beyond compare the completest recorder of, as well as the most efficient guide to, the work of Mr. Whistler. His catalogue entitled "Whistler's Etchings," shows that since he first published the book in 1886, the etcher has added a total of fifty-four plates to the sum of his *œuvre*—not the best that he ever executed, but still works frequently of much beauty, which the art student as well as the collector cannot afford to overlook. The total number of Mr. Whistler's etchings now amounts to 268, somewhat less than a hundred fewer than those of Rembrandt, the master to whom he loves to be compared on equal footing—at the least. Mr. Whistler's own study, which prefaces his catalogue, includes some of the most luminous and charming pages which literature has devoted to the work of this artist.

Australia has for some time past taken art education firmly in hand, and the galleries at Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide can show the results of energy, liberality, and good taste. The latest circumstance to be recorded is the presence in England of an art ambassador from his Colony, who has arrived in London with a view to expending a munificent bequest upon English works of art. This gentleman is a man of complete artistic knowledge, technical and æsthetic, and his mission will doubtless be a success. But Australia should be reminded that it is not by such exotic means alone that their own art is to be encouraged. Art by purchase is a luxury, and not comparable with that genuine process, art by production. When the Colonies have arrived at the elementary stage of systematically giving public commissions to their best painters and sculptors for portraits of their public men and for pictorial representations of public events, they will have taken the first step towards giving art an official status. From that the fashion of art encouragement and the love of art for its own sake will spring, and then will be the day of the idealist and of the artist who practises on the higher planes.

The Imperial Reception in China

AFTER numerous difficulties and delays, due in a great measure to the question of interpreters, the promised reception of the ladies of the Diplomatic Body by the Dowager Empress took place at the Palace at Peking on December 13. The event was a noteworthy innovation, and Lady Macdonald, the wife of the British Ambassador, was chiefly instrumental in bringing it about. The means have hitherto been excluded from intercourse with the Imperial Court, and it was a great achievement to have at last removed the prejudices. The wives of the seven Foreign Ministers assembled at the British Legation, and proceeded together to the Palace. As entrance they were met by a group of gorgeously clad mandarins. Taking their own chairs the ladies were conducted in Palace chairs to the electric tramway and conducted to the great hall, where a number of ladies of the Court who had been deputed to conduct them to the audience chamber. Here the Dowager Empress was seated on a dais behind a small table decorated with flowers, mums and apples, the Emperor being seated on Her Majesty's left. The European ladies ranged themselves in front of the Dowager and Lady Macdonald read an address expressing their pleasure in being able to congratulate the Dowager Empress on her birthday, and of hope that the precedent would be followed by the ladies of China. The Dowager Empress having expressed her thanks, Lady Macdonald, followed by the rest of the ladies, then mounted the dais one by one, and bowed to the Emperor and shook hands with the Empress Dowager, who presented to each lady a gold ring, giving them herself on their fingers. Luncheon was then served in an adjoining hall, after which the whole party returned to the great hall, and the Empress Dowager conversed with the British ladies, and drank tea from the same cup with each Minister's wife, and finally embraced all her visitors. A performance at the theatre brought the day's proceedings to a close. We reproduce two drawings of the scene of the reception. One is by a Chinese artist, and the other, which forms our supplement, is drawn from a sketch by an English officer. It is curious to note how very different the artist has reproduced the scene, and yet how very different the methods of Eastern and Western art.

The Late Lady Ridley

THE HON. LADY WHITE RIDLEY, the wife of Sir Matthew White Ridley, the Home Secretary, who died on Tuesday from pneumonia complications, was the daughter of the late Lord Tweedmouth and sister of the present peer. She was born in 1850, and was married to Sir Matthew White Ridley in 1873, four years before he succeeded his father in the baronetcy.



THE LATE LADY WHITE RIDLEY

She proved herself a devoted wife, and was especially helpful to her husband in his political contests in Northumberland and in the Blackpool Division of Lancashire, which constituency Sir Matthew at present represents. At Blagdon, the Home Secretary's county seat in Northumberland, Lady Ridley was much beloved by the tenantry, in whose welfare she took much interest. About two years ago her eldest daughter was taken ill in church, and died soon after reaching home. This was a great shock to Lady Ridley, who felt her loss deeply. A few weeks ago her eldest son married the Hon. Rosamond, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Wimborne. Mr. Ridley, who was in Cairo with his wife, was telegraphed for, but did not reach home until after Lady Ridley's death.—Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Colonel C. R. Crosse

SHORTLY after the meeting at Bisley last year Colonel Mackinnon, the Secretary of the National Rifle Association, became seriously ill and resigned his post, which he had held since 1890, and on March 1 of this year Colonel C. R. Crosse was appointed as his successor. Colonel Crosse served in the Boer War of 1881 as a Captain of the West Indian Regiment attached to the Natal Field Force. He retired from active service in 1892, and until lately held the post of Brigade-Major to the Portsmouth Volunteer Brigade, and for many years acted as Chief Range Officer at Wimbledon and Bisley. Colonel Crosse is to be permanently stationed at Bisley, and the work at the head office in Pall Mall will be carried on by the Assistant Secretary.—Our photograph is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.



COLONEL C. R. CROSSE
New Secretary N.R.A.

The Hunters' Challenge Cup

THE gold challenge cup of the value of one hundred guineas, presented by the Hunters' Improvement Society for the best hunter in the Thoroughbred Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, was secured by Raby, a chestnut four-year-old gelding, exhibited by Mr. T. D. John, Chaldean's Stud Farm, Cardiff. The cup is of an elegant design of the Georgian period, and has two massive, richly chased handles, the lower part of the body being chased with floral decoration, and the foot ornamented with the Acanthus leaf. It was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, of Regent Street.



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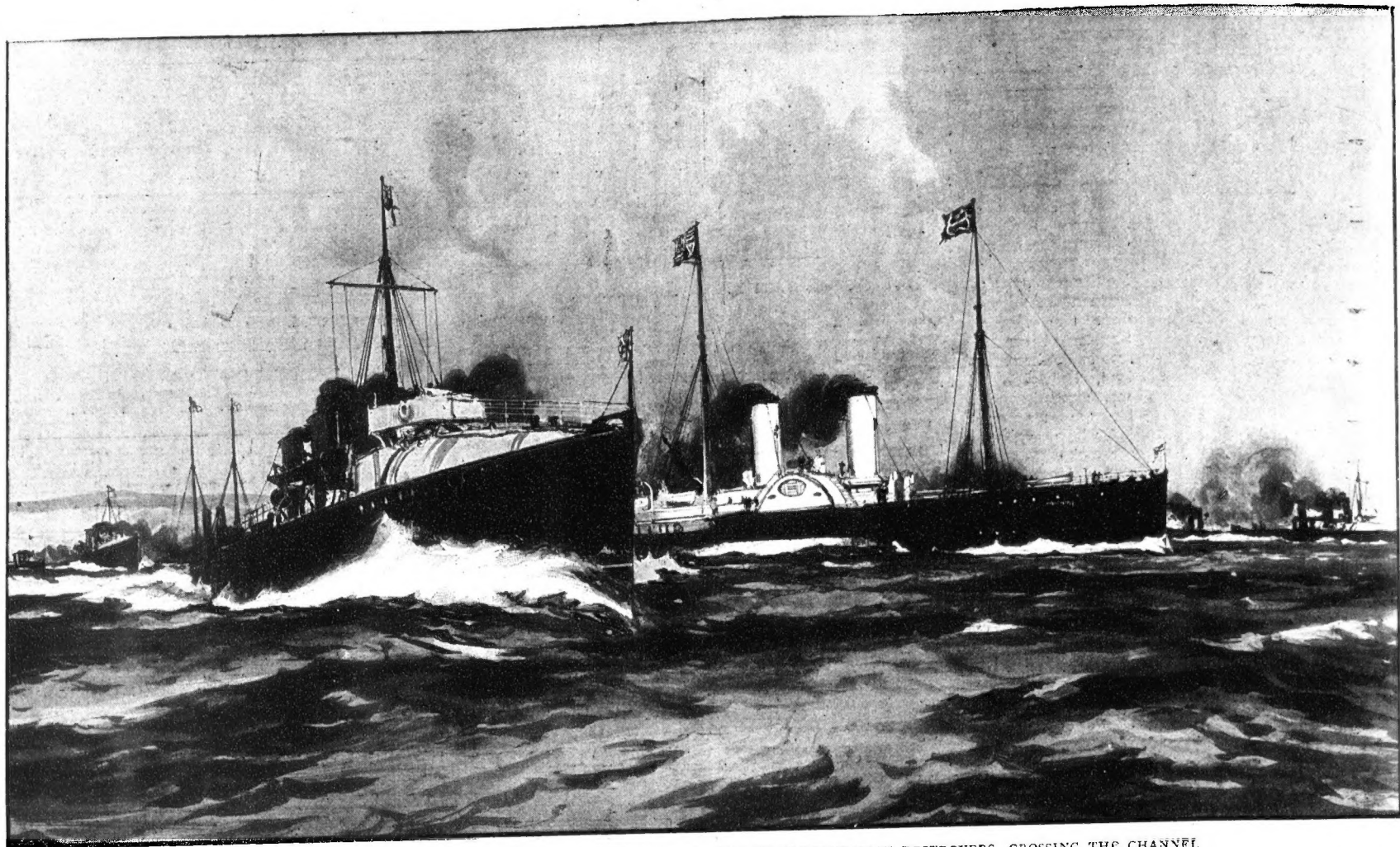
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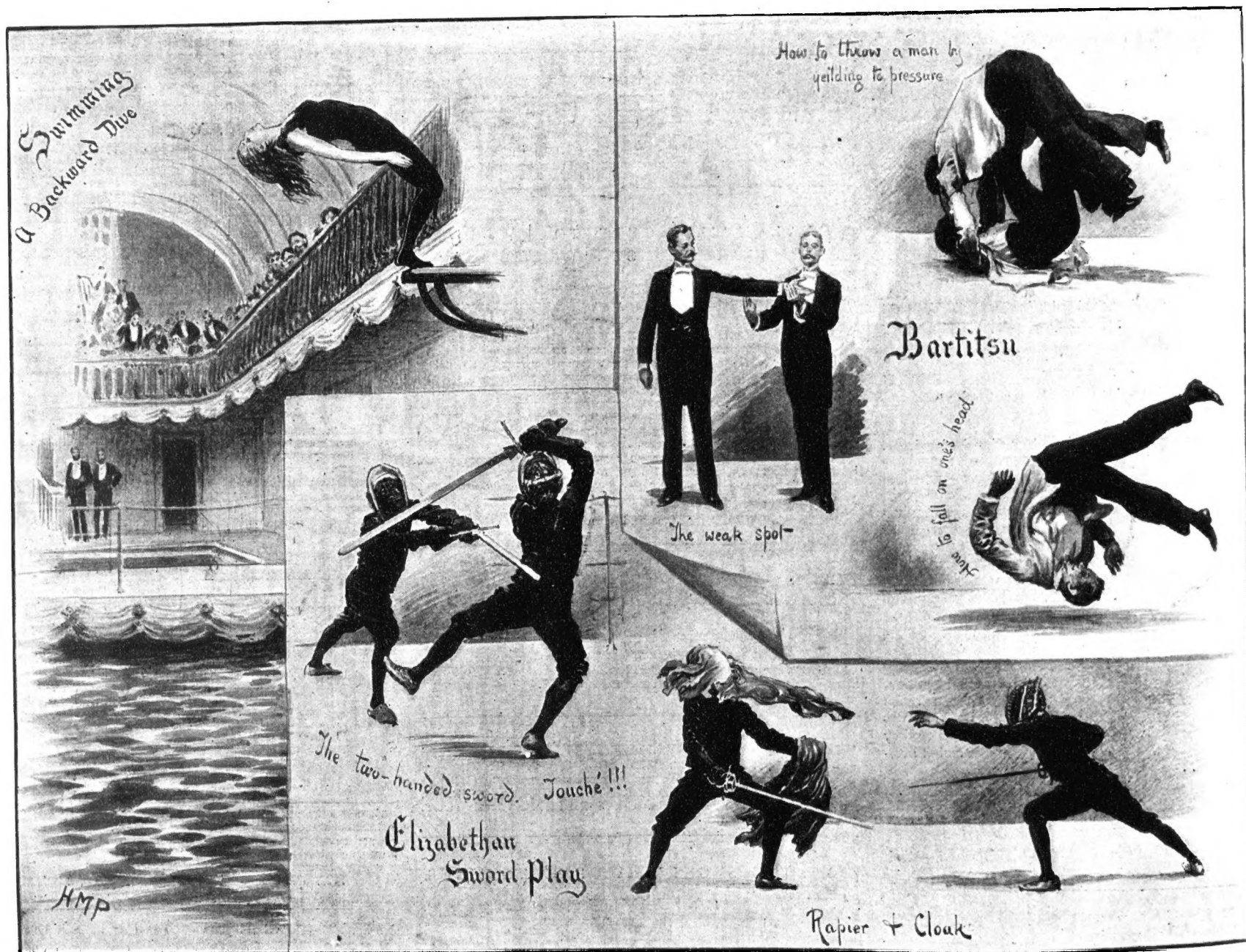
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THE "CALAIS-DOUVRES," WITH HER MAJESTY ON BOARD, ESCORTED BY TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS, CROSSING THE CHANNEL
THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY TO THE CONTINENT

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

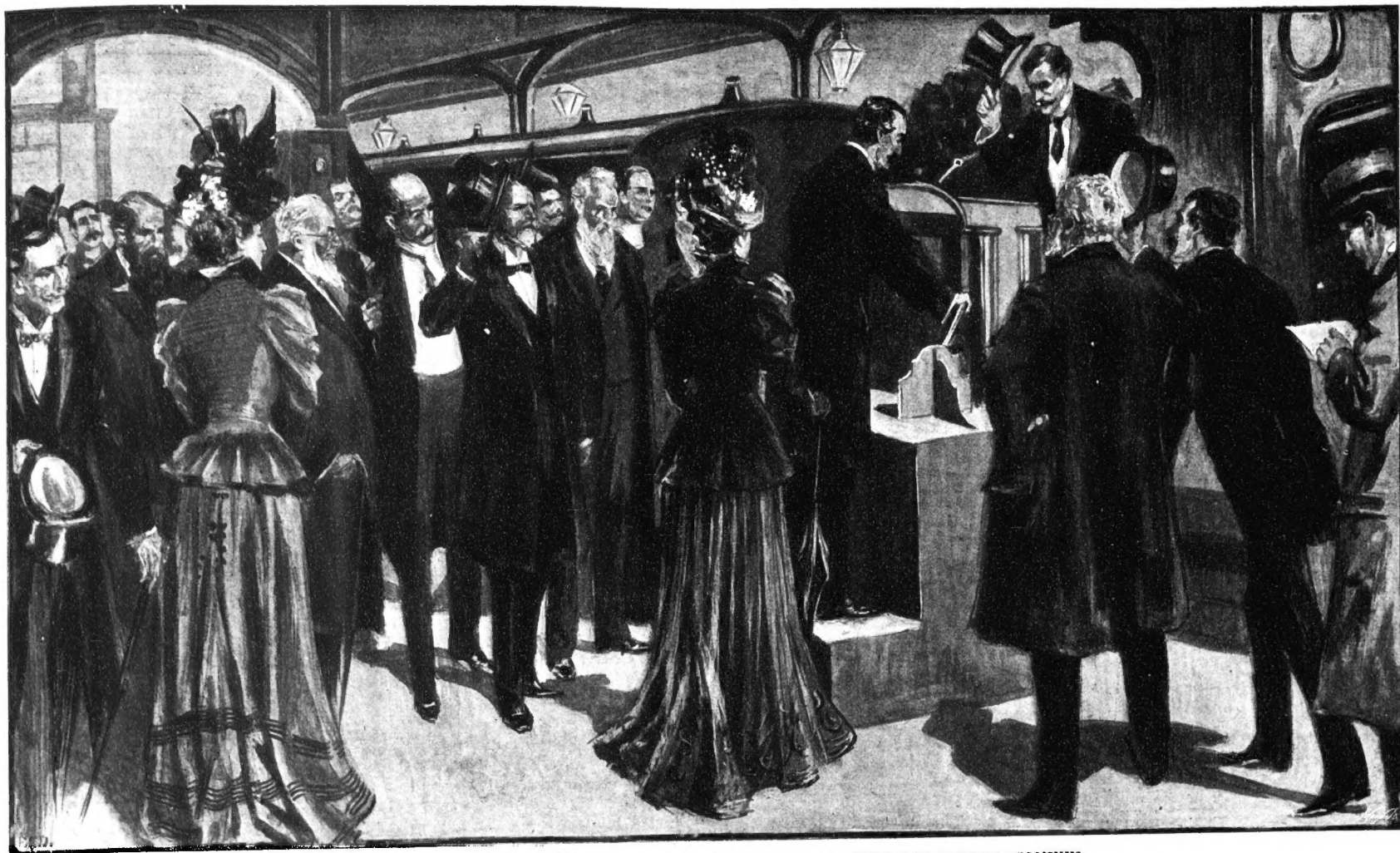


A curious and amusing entertainment was given last Saturday by the Bath Club at their premises in Dover Street, Piccadilly, the occasion being the ladies' night. Swordsmanship, swimming, and bartitsu were the special features. The last-named item is, as was demonstrated by Mr. E. W. Barton Wright, a branch of the art of self-defence entirely new to England. It comes from Japan. It embodies all the best and most practical

points in boxing, *la savate*, the use of the dagger and of the walking-sticks, combined with a most scientific and secret style of Japanese wrestling. It also comprises the art of falling so as to reduce all risk of being hurt when thrown, and to land upon one's feet facing the enemy, and also the art of putting "locks" on one's opponent—that is subjecting different parts of his body to strains which he cannot possibly resist.

LADIES' NIGHT AT THE BATH CLUB: A VARIED ENTERTAINMENT

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



MR. C. T. RITCHIE STARTING THE FIRST TRAIN TO THE NORTH FROM THE LONDON TERMINUS
OPENING OF THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN R. C. L. BATTLE

It has often been remarked that wherever Englishmen go they take their sports with them. This fact is always being exemplified. Hardly has the new garrison at Khartoum settled down than a cricket match is played on that historic ground. On February 3 the detachment of the Royal Irish Fusiliers played against the officers of the Egyptian Army stationed at Khartoum, which resulted in a win for the latter.

PEACE IN THE SOUDAN: THE FIRST CRICKET MATCH EVER PLAYED AT KHARTOUM

The Queen's Journey

ONCE more the Queen is settled in the Riviera. Owing to unpropitious weather the Royal journey was delayed for two days, but eventually the trip was made under the most pleasant conditions of fine weather and calm sea. Everywhere along the route, from Windsor to Folkestone, her people had come out in force to wish Her Majesty God-speed, and as the train ran into Folkestone crowds lined each side of the embankment. There was not much for the general public to see at Folkestone, for the gangway from the train to the *Calais-Douvres* was covered in, and only a group of officials, including the General in command of the district, the Mayor of Folkestone and his daughter, and the new member, Sir E. Sassoon, were presented to the Queen. But it was a gay scene nevertheless—the guard of honour on the quay, the vessels in harbour dressed with bunting, the bands, the bells sounding cheerfully, and the *Calais-Douvres* running up the Royal Standard directly the Sovereign touched her deck. With Her Majesty were

pleasure felt in her former visit in 1855. The presentations over, the Queen was conveyed up a beautifully decorated covered way into the Royal saloon, the guard of honour presenting arms and playing the National Anthem as the train started. Eleven carriages and one engine composed the Royal train, the two

large photographs illustrating her former visit in 1855—her arrival and a review—taken from pictures in the Boulogne Museum. Meals being served in the train there were no stoppages of importance until Toulon was reached on Sunday afternoon, when Her Majesty expressly asked for the Sub-Prefect to express her sorrow for the recent terrible explosion. At Cannes the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, and the Duke of Cambridge were waiting for a few minutes' greeting.—Our photographs of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild and M. Albert Sartiaux, general manager of the Northern Railway, are respectively by P. Petit and V. Daireaux, both of Paris.

DR. DOUGLAS AIGRE
Mayor of Boulogne

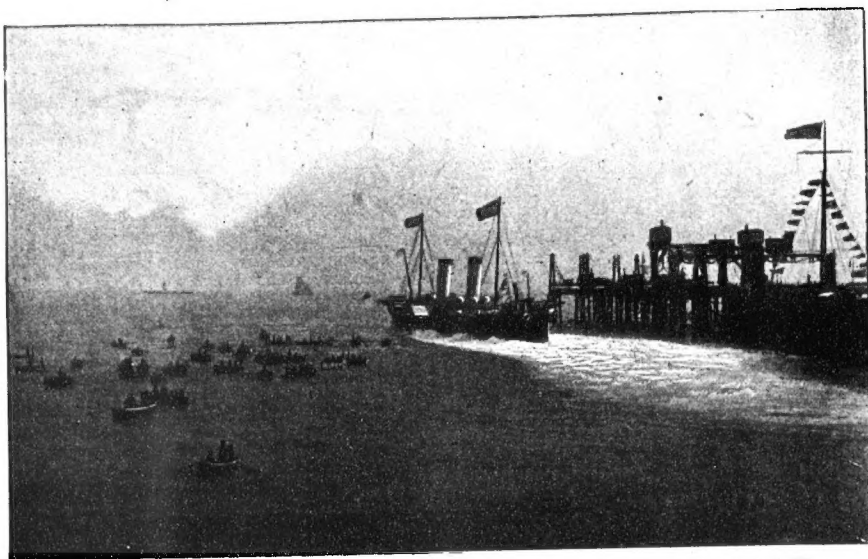
After a long spell of rain and wind "Queen's weather" had returned in time for Her Majesty's arrival at Nice, and the town had hung out flags and made every preparation for a hearty welcome. Crowds had poured in from all parts, lining the whole route from the station behind the troops ranged thickly in the road. The Duke of Leuchtenberg, the British Consul



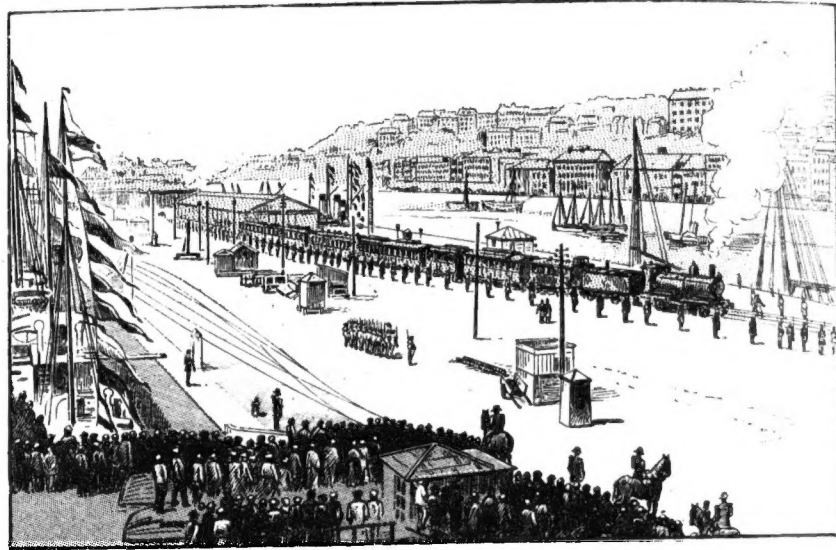
M. ALBERT SARTIAUX
Manager of the Northern Railway of France



BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD
Chairman of the Northern Railway of France



THE "CALAIS-DOUVRES," WITH HER MAJESTY ON BOARD, LEAVING FOLKESTONE
From a Photograph by the Standard Photo Co.



THE QUEEN'S TRAIN LEAVING BOULOGNE
From a Photograph by A. Lorraine, Boulogne

Princess Beatrice and her second boy, Prince Leopold, the Duchess of York, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The Royal party at once sat down to lunch in a specially constructed deck-house, which reminded the Queen of her favourite surroundings in the *Victoria and Albert*, the furniture being covered with the same design in rosebud chintz, chosen by the Prince Consort so many years ago for the Royal yacht. The saloon was prettily hung with pale green, two writing-tables and a couch added to the travellers' comfort. Vases of mimosa and daffodils were the only decorations. Whilst luncheon was going on the Queen's pets were brought on board—her birds, a collic, her favourite white Pomeranian "Tourie," and little Prince Leopold's pet pug "Bosco," and as soon as the meal was over the *Calais-Douvres* started, escorted by the Trinity yacht *Irene* and a flotilla of eight torpedo-destroyers. Two of the flotilla kept ahead as "look-outs," and the others ranged themselves three each side of the Queen's vessel.

saloons in the centre being those in which Her Majesty always travels when abroad. Furnished in pale green, the drawing-room compartment was a mass of flowers, including an exquisite gold basket of heliotrope and yellow orchids sent by Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, the chairman of the Chemin de Fer du Nord. The Queen was especially pleased also with two

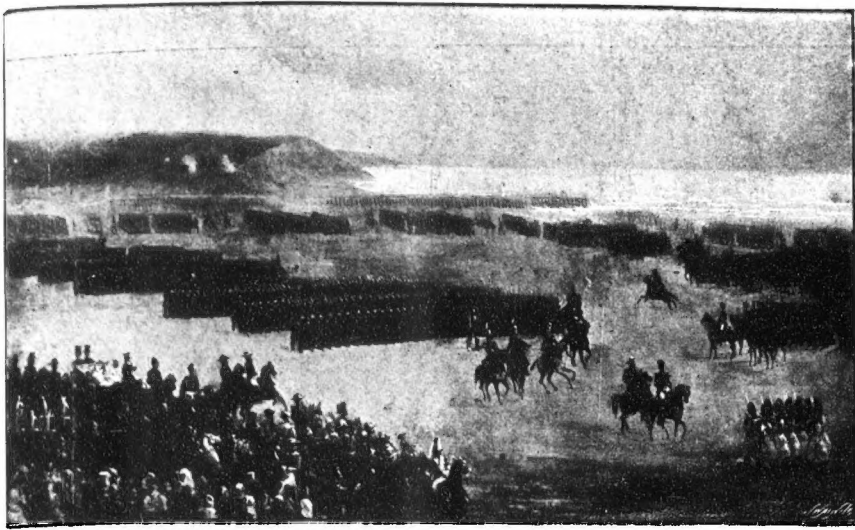
and his wife, and the district officials welcomed the Royal party as they left the train, and after the presentation of various bouquets the Queen and Princesses drove off escorted by Horse Artillery and gendarmes. The crowd saluted the Royal visitors enthusiastically, noting how well they all looked after their long journey, and in a very few minutes the Queen was in her old quarters at the Hotel Regina. Her Majesty's rooms on the first floor are the same as in previous years, but freshly decorated. Her drawing-room—looking south—has red art hangings and yellow satin drapery, her private dining-room is Elizabethan, with red velvet and walnut furniture, while her bedroom, with its two windows looking west and north, is in Louis XVI. style, with mahogany furniture and pink hangings. They were filled with flowers on the Queen's arrival, the loveliest gift being from the Nice Municipality—a gondola with a Royal crown of carnations and narcissus in the prow, and four swallows—typifying Her Majesty's four visits to Nice—holding ribbons with congratulatory inscriptions. In the body of the gondola were two vases full of roses and white lilies.

By the Queen's wish the *Calais-Douvres* went leisurely, so that the crossing occupied 1 hr. 23 min. When the vessel reached French waters the destroyers saluted and turned homewards after a complimentary message from Her Majesty, while the *Calais-Douvres* steamed into Boulogne harbour amidst Royal salutes from the batteries, and the cheers of the crowds on the other side of the quay. When the vessel had reached the quay, the Queen came out of the deck-house and sat outside to receive the Mayor of Boulogne, Dr. Aigre, and other French officials, who brought various bouquets. Her Majesty greatly delighted the Boulonnais by alluding to the

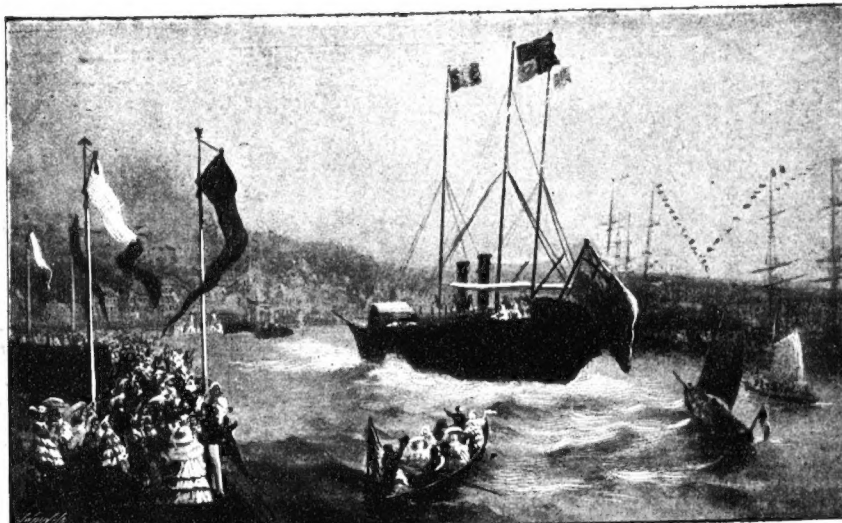


THE QUEEN DRIVING TO THE HOTEL REGINA, CIMIEZ
DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

The Queen was not at all over-fatigued by her long journey, and was quite ready next day to begin her morning drives in the neighbouring Villa Grimaldi, and the afternoon excursions. There are comparatively few foreign Royalties on the Riviera, but now Her Majesty will not have many visitors, but the Duke of Saxe-Coburg is coming for a few days' stay, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are also expected. The Duchess of York remains with the Queen until the end of the month, when her place will be taken by Princess Christian.



THE REVIEW BEFORE HER MAJESTY



THE ARRIVAL OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AT BOULOGNE

In the Queen's saloon the Municipality of Boulogne had placed a very appropriate souvenir for the Queen's acceptance, in the form of two large photographs recalling Her Majesty's State visit to France in 1855. One of them shows the arrival of the Queen and Prince Consort on the *Victoria and Albert* in Boulogne Harbour;

the subject of the other is the military review which took place on the sands in the presence of the Queen and the Emperor of the French.—Our illustrations are from photographs of the paintings in the Boulogne Museum, by Caulevelle, Boulogne.

SOUVENIRS OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BOULOGNE IN 1855 PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY

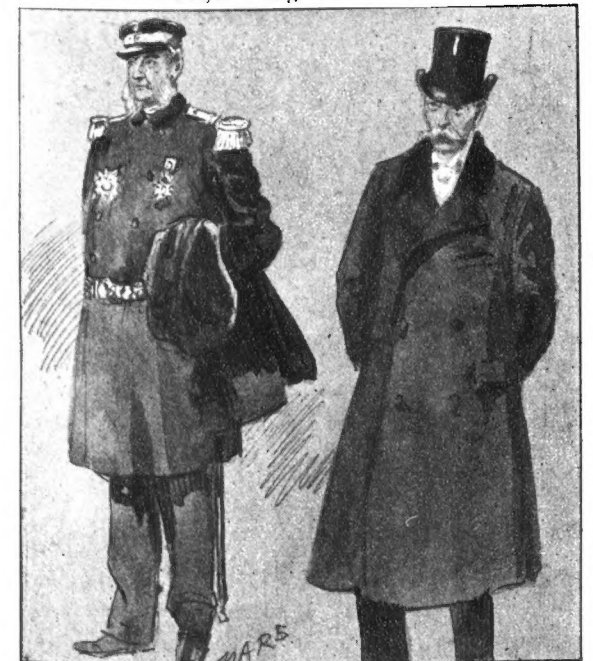
The Toulon Explosion

THE cause of the disastrous explosion at the Lagoubran Magazine at Toulon is still wrapt in mystery. Vague rumours of foul play have been current, but nothing has been really discovered worthy to be taken as evidence. Six more bodies have been found in the ruins of the houses that



THE MAYOR OF TOULON

were wrecked by the explosion. The total of persons killed now amounts to sixty-four. On Tuesday the funeral of fifty-one of the victims took place. The ceremony, which was conducted at public expense, was attended by M. Lockroy, Minister of Marine, Vice-Admiral de la Jaille, M. Bonnerot, Prefect of the War Department, and other officials. The service took place in the chapel of the Civil Hospital, and, owing to the small size of the building, the coffins could not be taken inside, but the Bishop of Fréjus, Monsignor Mignot, who officiated, went outside at the conclusion of the first part of the service, and solemnly pronounced absolution over them in the presence of the large gathering of mourners, officials and clergy. The



Vice-Admiral de la Jaille (Marine Prefect of Toulon)

M. Lockroy (Minister of Marine)

THE TOULON DISASTER: IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

The Struggle for India*

THAT indefatigable writer, Sir W. W. Hunter, has undertaken a new great work on India, which, so far as can be judged from the first volume, is likely to add still further to the author's high reputation. The intention of Sir William Hunter is to write a complete history of British India, and in characteristically painstaking manner he begins by producing a large volume devoted entirely to the early struggles of European nations for the possession of the eastern trade. The opening chapter deals with ancient trade routes from Europe to the East. An excellent map explains these routes perhaps even better than the letterpress. In one or two pregnant sentences the writer points out how closely modern railways are following the ancient overland trade routes.

"The proposed Assuan-Berenice railway, for which a survey is being made as I write, would revive the old trade path from Ptolemy's harbour to the Nile Valley. The Russian line to Bokhara represents, not too exactly, an old route from China by way of the Oxus; while the long-projected Euphrates Valley Railway would be the modern counterpart of the Syrian caravan track." Elsewhere Sir William Hunter points out how Tiflis, in the Caucasus, in medieval times a famous mid-way mart, "now stands as a type of the new railway power by which Russia in the twentieth century will weld together North Europe and Asia from the Baltic to the Pacific, as in the eighteenth century England won the richest realms of Southern Asia by sea-control."

The discovery of the passage round the Cape at once affected nearly all these land routes. Specially did it affect the route across Egypt, in which Turkey, Egypt, and Venice were all almost equally interested. It was against these three Powers, therefore, acting in more or less open alliance, that Portugal had to fight to secure the mastery of the Indian Ocean. That mastery obtained, she established her dominion firmly upon the western seaboard, but never cared to advance far into the interior. Of the way in which she ruled the narrow strip between the Ghâts and the water's edge Sir William Hunter gives a graphic picture. The Portuguese officials, he argues, were cruel by policy rather than by instinct. The force at their disposal was so small that they felt their only safety lay in terrorising the inhabitants. At the same time they were inspired with a fervent desire to bring as many souls as possible to the Christian faith, and, with that object in view, actually subsidised marriages between the Portuguese settlers and native women. Hence the large population of Portuguese half-castes which is such a feature of Western India. All the work of the settlements was done by slaves, and for a time the prosperity attained was fabulous. But there was corruption at both ends of the chain. In Lisbon the Indies were looked upon as a dumping ground for worthless petitioners for Court favour. Posts under Government were multiplied with even greater rapidity than in a modern French colony. In Goa the Portuguese were too proud to work, and while the men lived an aimless, dissolute life out of doors, the women, kept by jealous husbands in half Oriental seclusion, amused themselves with love intrigues. The final blow to the colony was the bigoted intolerance of Philip II., who persecuted with equal savagery unorthodox Christians and native creeds.

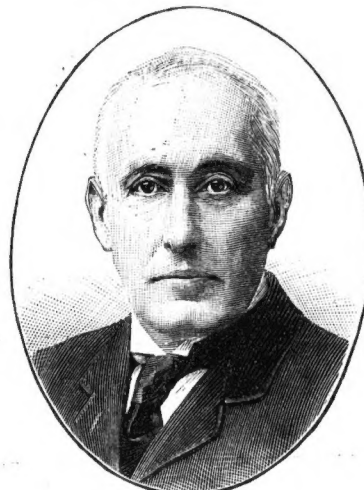
It was then that the English began to appear upon the scene. The critical naval struggle between the two Powers off Surat in 1615 is described by Sir W. W. Hunter with graphic detail. For three weeks Captain Downton with his four small vessels kept at bay the whole of the Portuguese fleet in eastern waters, while the Moghal governor of the town daily watched what the issue would be. Finally the Portuguese, with their six great galleons and their host of smaller vessels drew off, and the Moghal governor rushed to the shore to swear eternal friendship with the English captain.

But though Captain Downton had thus destroyed for ever the supremacy of Portugal, his countrymen still had a long and often an uphill fight with Holland, and later with France. During the earlier part of the struggle the Dutch, taking a sound view of the possibilities of eastern dominion, threw their whole national energies into the enterprise, with the result that they were able to beat back English adventurers who received no support from a nation hypnotised by the Stuarts or distracted by civil war. The principal bone of contention with Holland was for the possession of the Eastern spice islands, and here we were fairly beaten, the struggle ending in the ghastly massacre of Amboyna. It is with this horrible incident that Sir William Hunter's first volume ends. He uses it, and the tale of the long struggle with Portugal, to point the moral that dominion in the East will belong to that Power which is willing to make most sacrifices for it:—

No European nation has won the supremacy of the East which did not make it a national concern, and no nation has maintained its power in the East which was not ready to defend it with its utmost resources. The prize fell successively to states, small in area but of great heart—a heart beating with the throbs of independence newly won. It was the spirit which had hurled back Castile on the field of Aljubarrota, that opened the Cape route to Portugal; and it was the spirit which had cut the dykes that gained the Spice Archipelago for Holland.

* "A History of British India." By Sir W. W. Hunter. Vol. I. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 1899.)

The London County Council



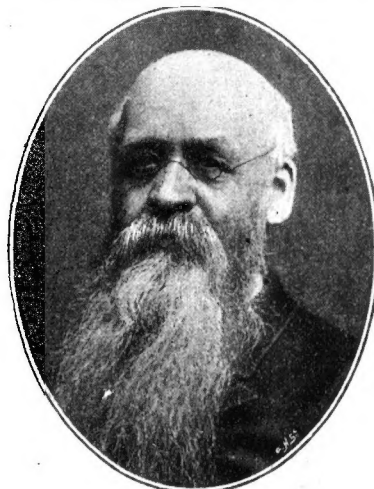
LORD WELBY, G.C.B.
Chairman

ON Tuesday the London County Council held their usual meeting, and there was a large attendance, for the principal business to be transacted was the election of Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and Deputy-Chairman. Lord Welby (Progressive) was elected Chairman, Mr. Richard Strong (Progressive) Vice-Chairman, and Mr. T. L. Corbett (Moderate) Deputy-Chairman.

Reginald, Lord Welby, G.C.B., is the son of the late

Rev. J. E. Welby, and was born in 1832. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered the Civil Service at the age of twenty-four. In the Treasury he soon showed ability in finance. In 1871 he became Chief of the Finance Department, in 1881 Auditor of the Civil List, and in 1885 Permanent Secretary. He retired in 1894, and was created a Peer. In that year he was elected an Alderman of the County Council, and in 1895 was again elected, and later he was elected Vice-Chairman.

Mr. Richard Strong, the new Vice-Chairman, has had many years of experience of public local life in Camberwell, where he has been vestryman, overseer, Guardian, and churchwarden. In the short Parliament of 1885 he represented Camberwell as a Liberal. He was a member of the first County Council, and has sat continuously for the same constituency, North Camberwell.



MR. R. STRONG
Vice-Chairman



MR. T. L. CORBETT
Deputy-Chairman

Clapham since 1889. For several years he acted as Whip to the Moderate Party. He has contested two or three seats, but has not yet been returned to Parliament.—Our portraits are by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



FROM A SKETCH BY "MARS"

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

THE PUBLIC FUNERAL OF FIFTY-ONE VICTIMS: THE PROCESSION TO THE CEMETERY
THE TOULON DISASTER



CLORINDA GIVING A BIRTHDAY PARTY

"A LADY OF QUALITY," THE NEW PLAY AT THE COMEDY THEATRE: A SCENE FROM ACT I.

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



"Its lateral supporting sails braced and stayed with metal nerves almost like the nerves of a bee's wing, and made of some sort of glassy artificial membrane, cast their shadow over many hundreds of square yards. The chairs for the engineer and his passengers hung free to swing by a complex tackle, within the protecting ribs of the frame and well aloft the middle. The passenger's chair was protected by a wind-guard and guarded about with metallic rods carrying air cushions. It could, if desired, be completely closed in, but Graham was anxious for novel experiences, and desired that it should be left open. The aeronaut sat behind a glass that sheltered his face"

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS. Illustrated by H. LANOS

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE AÉROPILE

FOR a while, as Graham went through the passages of the Wind-Vane offices with Lincoln, he was preoccupied. But, by an effort, he attended to the things which Lincoln was saying. Soon his preoccupation vanished. Lincoln was talking of flying. Graham had a strong desire to know more of this new human attainment. He began to ply Lincoln with questions. He had followed the crude beginnings of aerial navigation very keenly in his previous life; he was delighted to find the familiar names of Maxim and Pilcher, Langley and Chanute, and above all of the aerial proto-martyr Lillienthal still honoured by men.

Even during his previous life two lines of investigation had pointed clearly to two distinct types of contrivance as possible, and both of these had been realised. On the one hand was the great engine-driven aeroplane, a double row of horizontal floats with a big aerial screw behind, and on the other the nimbler

aéropile. The aéropiles flew safely only in a calm or moderate wind, and sudden storms, occurrences that were now accurately predictable, rendered them for all practical purposes useless. They were built of enormous size—the usual stretch of wing being six hundred feet or more, and the length of the fabric a thousand feet. They were for passenger traffic alone. The lightly swung car they carried was from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in length. It was hung in a peculiar manner in order to minimise the complex vibration that even a moderate wind produced, and for the same reason the little seats within the car—each passenger remained seated during the voyage—were slung with great freedom of movement. The starting of the mechanism was only possible from a gigantic car on the rail of a specially constructed stage. Graham had seen these vast stages, the flying stages, from the crow's nest very well. Six huge blank areas they were, with a giant "carrier" stage on each.

The choice of descent was equally circumscribed, an accurately plane surface being needed for safe grounding. Apart from the destruction that would have been caused by the descent of this great

expanse of sail and metal, and the impossibility of its rising again, the concussion of an irregular surface, a tree-set hillside, for instance, or an embankment, would be sufficient to pierce or damage the framework, to smash the ribs of the body, and perhaps kill those aboard.

At first Graham felt disappointed with these cumbersome contrivances, but he speedily grasped the fact that smaller machines would have been unremunerative, for the simple reason that their carrying power would be disproportionately diminished with diminished size. Moreover, the huge size of these things enabled them—and it was a consideration of primary importance—to traverse the air at enormous speeds, and so run no risks of unanticipated weather. The briefest journey performed, that from London to Paris, took about three-quarters of an hour, but the velocity attained was not high; the leap to New York occupied about two hours, and by timing one's self carefully at the intermediate stations it was possible in quiet weather to go round the world in a day.

The little aéropiles (as for no particular reason they were distinctively called) were of an altogether different type. Several of

these were going to and to in the air. They were designed to carry only one or two persons, and their manufacture and maintenance was so costly as to render them the monopoly of the richer sort of people. Their sails, which were brilliantly coloured, consisted only of two pairs of lateral air floats in the same plane, and of a screw behind. Their small size rendered a descent in any open space neither difficult nor disagreeable, and it was possible to attach pneumatic wheels or even the ordinary motors for terrestrial traffic to them, and so carry them to a convenient starting place. They required a special sort of swift car to throw them into the air, but such a car was efficient in any open place clear of high buildings or trees. Human aeronautics, Graham perceived, were evidently still a long way behind the instinctive gift of the albatross or the fly-catcher. One great influence that might have brought the aeropile to a more rapid perfection had been withheld; these inventions had never been used in warfare. The last great international struggle—the raiding of the wheat districts of Canada by the American subjects of the Wheat and Oil Trusts—had occurred before the usurpation of the Council.

The flying stages of London were collected together in an irregular crescent on the southern side of the river. They formed three groups of two each and retained the names of ancient suburban hills or villages. They were named in order, Roehampton, Wimbledon Park, Streatham, Norwood, Blackheath, and Shooter's Hill. They were uniform structures rising high above the general roof surfaces. Each was about four thousand yards long and a thousand broad, and constructed of the compound of aluminium and iron that had replaced iron in architecture. Their higher tiers formed an openwork of girders through which lifts and staircases ascended. The upper surface was a uniform expanse, with portions—the starting carriers—that could be raised and were then able to run on very slightly inclined rails to the end of the fabric. Save for any aeropiles or aeroplanes that were in port these open surfaces were kept clear for arrivals.

During the adjustment of the aeroplanes it was the custom for passengers to wait in the system of theatres, restaurants, news-rooms, and places of pleasure and indulgence of various sorts that interwove with the prosperous shops below. This portion of London was in consequence commonly the gayest of all its districts, with something of the meretricious gaiety of a seaport or city of hotels. And for those who took a more serious view of aeronautics, the religious quarters had hung out an attractive colony of devotional chapels, while a host of brilliant medical establishments competed to supply physical preparatives for the journey. At various levels through the mass of chambers and passages beneath these ran, in addition to the main moving ways of the city which laced and gathered here, a complex system of special passages and lifts and slides, for the convenient interchange of people and luggage between stage and stage. And a distinctive feature of the architecture of this section was the ostentatious massiveness of the metal piers and girders that everywhere broke the vistas and spanned the halls and passages, crowding and twining up to meet the weight of the stages and the weighty impact of the aeroplanes overhead.

Graham went to the flying stages by the public ways. He was accompanied by Asano, his Japanese attendant. Lincoln was called away by Ostrog, who was busy with his administrative concerns. A strong guard of the Wind-Vane police awaited the Master outside the Wind-Vane offices, and they cleared a space for him on the upper moving platform. His passage to the flying stages was unexpected, nevertheless a considerable crowd gathered and followed him to his destination. As he went along, he could hear the people shouting his name, and saw numberless men and women and children in blue come swarming up the staircases in the central path, gesticulating and shouting. He could not hear what they shouted. He was struck again by the evident existence of a vulgar dialect among the poor of the city. When at last he descended, his guards were immediately surrounded by a dense excited crowd. He believed that some tried to reach him with petitions. His guards cleared a passage for him with some difficulty.

He found an aeropile in charge of an aeronaut awaiting him on the westward stage. Seen closely this mechanism was no longer small. As it lay on its launching carrier upon the wide expanse of the flying stage, its aluminium body skeleton was as big as the hull of a twenty-ton yacht. Its lateral supporting sails braced and stayed with metal nerves almost like the nerves of a bee's wing, and made of some sort of glassy artificial membrane, cast their shadow over many hundreds of square yards. The chairs for the engineer and his passenger hung free to swing by a complex tackle, within the protecting ribs of the frame and well abaft the middle. The passenger's chair was protected by a wind-guard and guarded about with metallic rods carrying air cushions. It could, if desired, be completely closed in, but Graham was anxious for novel experiences, and desired that it should be left open. The aeronaut sat behind a glass that sheltered his face. The passenger could secure himself firmly in his seat, and this was almost unavoidable on landing, or he could move along by means of a little rail and rod to a locker at the stem of the machine, where his personal luggage, his wraps and restoratives were placed, and which also with the seats, served as a makeweight to the parts of the central engine that projected to the propeller at the stern.

The engine was very simple in appearance. Asano, pointing out the parts of this apparatus to him, told him that, like the gas-engine of Victorian days, it was of the explosive type, burning a small drop of a substance called "fomile" at each stroke. It consisted simply of reservoir and piston about the long fluted crank of the propeller shaft. So much Graham saw of the machine.

The flying stage about him was empty save for Asano and their suite of attendants. Directed by the aeronaut he placed himself in his seat. He then drank two prescriptions, one containing strychnine, the other ergot—doses, he learnt, invariably administered to those about to fly, and designed to counteract the possible effect of diminished air pressure upon the system. Having done so, he declared himself ready for the journey. Asano took the empty glasses from him, stepped through the bars of the hull, and stood below on the stage waving his hand. Suddenly he seemed to slide along the stage to the right and vanish.

The engine was beating, the propeller spinning, and for a second the stage and the buildings beyond were gliding swiftly and horizontally past Graham's eye; then these things seemed to tilt up abruptly. He gripped the little rods on either side of him instinctively. He felt himself moving upward, heard the air whistle

over the top of the wind screen. The propeller screw moved round with powerful rhythmic impulses—one, two, three, pause; one, two three—which the engineer controlled very delicately. The machine began a quivering vibration in sympathy that continued throughout the flight, and the roof areas seemed running away to starboard very quickly and growing rapidly smaller. He looked from the face of the engineer through the ribs of the machine. Looking sideways, there was nothing very startling in what he saw—a rapid funicular railway might have given the same sensations. He recognised the Council House and the Highgate Ridge. And then he looked straight down between his feet.

For a moment physical terror possessed him, a passionate sense of insecurity. He held tight. For a second or so he could not lift his eyes. Some hundred feet or more sheer below him was one of the big wind-vanes of south-west London, and beyond it the southernmost flying stage crowded with little black dots. These things seemed to be falling away from him. For a second he had an impulse to pursue the earth. He set his teeth, he lifted his eyes by a muscular effort, and the moment of panic passed.

He remained for a space with his teeth set hard, his eyes staring into the sky. Throb, throb, throb—beat, went the engine; throb, throb, throb—beat. He gripped his bars tightly, glanced at the aeronaut, and saw a smile upon his sun-tanned face. He smiled in return—perhaps a little artificially. "A little strange at first," he said, before he recalled his dignity. But he dared not look down again for some time. He looked over the aeronaut's head to where a rim of vague blue horizon crept up the sky. For a little while he could not banish the thought of possible accidents from his mind. Throb, throb, throb—beat; suppose some trivial screw went wrong in that supporting engine! Suppose——! He made a grim effort to dismiss all such suppositions. After a while they did at least abandon the foreground of his thoughts. And up he went steadily, higher and higher into the clear air.

Once the mental shock of moving unsupported through the air was over, his sensations ceased to be unpleasant, became very speedily pleasurable. He had been warned of air sickness. But he found the pulsating movement of the aeropile as it drove up the faint south-west breeze was very little in excess of the pitching of a boat head on to broad rollers in a moderate gale, and he was constitutionally a good sailor. And the keenness of the more rarefied air into which they ascended produced a sense of lightness and exhilaration. He looked up and saw the blue sky above fretted with cirrus clouds. His eye came cautiously down through the ribs and bars to a shining flight of white birds that hung in the lower sky. For a space he watched these. Then going lower and less apprehensively, he saw the slender filigree of the Wind-Vane keeper's crow's nest shining golden in the sunlight and growing smaller every moment. As his eye fell with more confidence now, there came a blue line of hills, and then London, already to leeward, an intricate space of roofing. Its near edge came sharp and clear, and banished his last apprehensions in a shock of surprise. For the boundary of London was like a wall, like a cliff, a steep fall of three or four hundred feet, a frontage broken only by terraces here and there, a complex decorative façade.

That gradual passage of town into country through an extensive sponge of suburbs, which was so characteristic a feature of the great cities of the nineteenth century, existed no longer. Nothing remained of it but a waste of ruins here, variegated and dense with thickets of the heterogeneous growths that had once adorned the gardens of the belt, interspersed among levelled brown patches of sown ground, and verdant stretches of winter greens. The latter even spread among the vestiges of houses. But for the most part the reefs and skerries of ruins, the wreckage of suburban villas, stood along their street and roads, queer islands amidst the levelled expanses of green and brown, abandoned indeed by the inhabitants years since, but too substantial, it seemed, to be cleared out of the way of the wholesale horticultural mechanisms of the time.

The vegetation of this waste undulated and frothed amidst the countless cells of crumbling house walls, and broke along the foot of the city wall in a surf of bramble and holly and ivy and teazel and tall grasses. Here and there gaudy pleasure places towered amidst the puny remains of Victorian times, and cable ways slanted to them from the city. That winter day they seemed deserted. Deserted, too, were the artificial gardens among the ruins. The city limits were indeed as sharply defined as in the ancient days when the gates were shut at nightfall and the robber foeman prowled to the very walls. A huge semicircular throat swallowed the shining curves of the Thames, and from one of the archways came and went a vigorous traffic along the Eadhamite Bath Road. So the first prospect of the world beyond the city flashed on Graham, and ran past and dwindled. And when at last he could look vertically downward again, he saw below him the leafless woods of the Thames valley—a froth of ruddy brown.

His exhilaration increased rapidly, became a sort of intoxication. He found himself drawing deep breaths of air, laughing aloud, desiring to shout. After a time that desire became too strong for him, and he shouted.

The machine had now risen as high as was customary with aeropiles, and they began to curve about towards the south. Steering, Graham perceived, was effected by the opening or closing of one or two thin strips of membrane in one or other of the otherwise rigid wings, and by the movement of the whole engine backward or forward along its supports. The aeronaut set the engine gliding slowly forward along its rail and opened the valve of the leeward wing until the stem of the aeropile was horizontal and pointing southward. And in that direction they soared with a slight lift to leeward, and with a slow alternation of movement, first a short, sharp ascent and then a long gradual downward glide that was very steady and pleasing. During these downward glides the propeller was inactive altogether. These ascents gave Graham a glorious sense of successful effort; the descents through the rarefied air were beyond all experience. He wanted never to leave the upper air again.

For a time he was intent upon the minute details of the landscape that ran swiftly northward from beneath. Its minute, clear detail pleased him exceedingly. He was impressed by the ruin of the houses that had once dotted the country, by the vast treeless expanse of country from which all farms and villages had gone, save for crumbling ruins. He had known the thing was so, but seeing it so was an altogether different matter. He tried to make out places he had known, within the hollow basin of the world

below, but at first he could distinguish no data now that the Thames was left behind. Soon, however, they were driving over a sharp chalk hill that he recognised as the Guildford Hog's Back, because of the familiar outline of the gorge at its eastward end, and because of the ruins of the town that rose steeply on either lip of this gorge. And from that he made out other points, Leith Hill, the sandy wastes of Aldershot, and so forth. The Down escarpment was set with gigantic slow-moving wind-wheels. Save where the broad Eadhamite Portsmouth Road, thickly dotted with rushing shapes, followed the course of the old railway, the gorge of the Way was choked with thickets.

The whole expanse of the Downs escarpment, so far as the grey haze permitted him to see, was set with wind-wheels to which the largest of the city was but a younger brother. They stirred with stately motion before the south-west wind. And here and there vast patches dotted with the sheep of the British Food Trust, and here and there a mounted shepherd made a spot of black. The rushing under the stern of the aeropile came the Wealden Heights, the line of Hindhead, Pitch Hill, and Leith Hill, with a second row of wind-wheels that seemed striving to rob the Downs of their whirlers of their share of breeze. The purple heather was speckled with gold, and on the further side a vast drove of black oxen stampeded before a couple of mounted men. Swiftly these swam behind, and dwindled and lost colour, and became little speckled moving specks that were swallowed up in blue haze.

And when these had vanished in the distance Graham heard a peewit wailing close at hand. He answered it by a loud cry. He perceived he was now above the South Downs, and staring over his shoulder saw the battlements of Portsmouth towering over the ridge of Portsdown Hill. In another moment there came his sight a spread of shipping like floating cities, the little white cliffs of the Needles dwarfed and sunlit, and the grey and glittering waters of the narrow sea. They seemed to leap the Solent in a moment, in a few seconds the Isle of Wight was running past, and then beneath him spread a wider and wider extent of sea, purple with the shadow of a cloud, here grey, here a burnished mirror, and here a spread of cloudy greenish blue. The Isle of Wight grew smaller and smaller. In a few more minutes a strip of grey haze detached itself from other strips that were clouds, descended out of the sky and became a coast-line—sunlit and pleasant—the coast of Northern France. It rose, it took colour, became definite and detailed, and the counterpart of the Dowland of England was speeding by below.

In a little time, as it seemed, Paris came above the horizon, and hung there for a space, and sank out of sight again as the aeropile circled about to the north again. But he perceived the Eiffel Tower still standing, and beside it a huge dome surmounted by a pin-point Colossus. And he perceived, too, though he did not understand it at the time, a slanting drift of smoke. But he marked the minarets and towers and slender masses that streamed skyward along the city wind-vanes, and knew that in the matter of grace at least Paris still kept in front of her larger rival. And even as he looked a pale blue shape ascended very swiftly from the city like a dead leaf driving up before a gale. It curved round and soared towards them, growing rapidly larger and larger. The aeronaut was saying something. "What?" said Graham, loth to take his eyes from this. "Aeroplane, Sir," bawled the aeronaut pointing.

They rose and curved about northward as it drew nearer. Nearer it came and nearer, growing, growing. The throb, throb, throb—beat, of the aeropile's flight, that had seemed so potent and so swift, suddenly appeared slow by comparison with this tremendous rush. How great the monster seemed, how swift and steady! It passed quite closely beneath them, a vast spread of netted translucent wing, soaring silently, a thing alive. Graham had a momentary glimpse of the rows and rows of wrapped-up passengers, slung in their little cradles behind wind-screens, of a white-clothed engineer crawling against the gale along a ladder way, of spouting engines beating together, of the whirling wind-screw, and of a wide waste of wing. He whooped in exultation of the sight. And in an instant the thing had passed.

It rose slightly and their own little wings swayed in the rush of its flight. It fell and grew smaller. Scarcely had they moved as it seemed, before it was again only a flat blue thing that dwelt in the sky. This was the aeroplane that went to and fro between London and Paris. In fair weather it came and went four times a day.

They beat across the Channel, slowly as it seemed now, to Graham's enlarged ideas, and Beachy Head rose greyly to the left of them.

"Land," said the aeronaut.

"Not yet," said Graham, laughing. "Not land yet. I want to learn more of this machine."

"I meant——" said the aeronaut.

"I want to learn more of this machine," repeated Graham.

"I'm coming to you," he said, and had flung himself from his chair and taken a step along the guarded rail between them. He stopped for a moment, and his colour changed and his hands tightened. Another step and he was clinging close to the rail. He felt a weight on his shoulder, the pressure of the air. The wind came in gusts over his wind screen and blew his hair in gusts past his cheek. The aeronaut made some hasty adjustments for the shifting of the centres of gravity and pressure.

"I want to have these things explained," said Graham. "What do you do when you move that engine forward?"

The aeronaut hesitated. Then he answered, "They are the same, Sir."

"I don't mind," said Graham. "I don't mind."

There was a moment's pause. "Aeronautics is the science of the privilege——"

"I know. But I'm the Master, and I mean to know." He laughed, full of this novel realisation of power that was his gift from the upper air.

The aeropile curved about, and the keen fresh wind came. Graham's face and his garment lagged at his body as he pointed round to the west. The two men looked into each other's eyes.

"Sire, there are rules——"

"Not where I am concerned," said Graham. "You are not to forget."

The aeronaut scrutinised his face. "No," he said. "I don't

forget, Sir. But in all the earth—no man who is not a sworn aeronaut—has ever a chance. They come as passengers—”

“I have heard something of the sort. But I’m not going to argue these points. Do you know why I have slept two hundred years? To fly!”

“Sir,” said the aeronaut, “the rules—if I break the rules—”

Graham waved the penalties aside.

“Then if you will watch me—”

“No,” said Graham, swaying and gripping tight as the machine lifted its nose again for an ascent. “That’s not my game. I want to do it myself. Do it myself if I smash for it! No! I will. See. I am going to clamber by this—to come and share your seat. Steady! I mean to fly of my own accord if I smash at the end of it. I will have something to pay for my sleep. Of all other things—In my past it was my dream to fly. Now—keep your balance.”

“A dozen spies are watching me, Sir!”

Graham’s temper was at an end. Perhaps he chose it should be. He swore. He swung himself round the intervening mass of levers and the aeropile swayed.

“Am I Master of the earth?” he said. “Or is your Society? Now. Take your hands off those levers, and hold my wrists. Yes—so. And now, how do we turn her nose down to the glide?”

“Sir,” said the aeronaut.

“What is it?”

“You will protect me?”

“Lord! Yes! If I have to burn London.

Now!”

And with that promise Graham bought his lesson in aerial navigation. “It’s clearly to your advantage, this journey,” he said with a loud laugh—for the air was like strong wine, “to teach me quickly and well. So I pull this? Ah! So! Hullo!”

“Back, Sir! Back!”

“Back—right. One—two—three—good God! Ah! Up she goes! But this is living!”

And now the machine began to dance the strangest figures in the air. Now it would sweep round a spiral of scarcely a hundred yards diameter, now it would rush up into the air and swoop down again, steeply, swiftly, falling like a hawk, to recover in a rushing loop that swept it high again. In one of these descents it seemed driving straight at the drifting park of balloons in the south-east, and only curved about and cleared them by a sudden recovery of dexterity. The extraordinary swiftness and smoothness of the motion, the extraordinary effect of the rarefied air upon his constitution, made Graham a different man. In spite of the protests of the aeronaut he attempted more and more daring things.

But at last a queer little incident came to sober him, and send him down once more to the crowded life and all its dark riddles below. As he swooped, came a tap and something flying past, and a drop like a drop of rain. Then as he went on down he saw something like a white rag whirling down in his wake. “What was that?” he asked. “I did not see.”

The aeronaut glanced, and then clutched at the lever to recover, for they were driving low. When the aeropile was rising again he drew a deep breath and replied. “That,” and he indicated the white thing still fluttering down, “was a swan.”

“I never saw it,” said Graham.

The aeronaut made no answer, and Graham saw that, spite of the keen air, there were little drops upon the man’s forehead.

They drove horizontally while Graham went back to the passengers’ place out of the lash of the wind. And then came a swift rush down, with the wind-screw whirling now to check their fall, and the flying stage growing broad and dark before them. The sun, sinking over the chalk hills in the west, fell with them, and left the sky a blaze of gold.

He heard a noise coming up to meet him, a noise like the sound of waves upon a pebbly beach, and looking, saw the roofs about the flying stage were dark with his people applauding his safe return. A dark mass it was, stippled with faces, and quivering with the minute oscillation of waved white handkerchiefs and waving hands.

(To be continued)

The Royal Society of Painter-Engravers

THIS exhibition will certainly please the man who loves the copperplate, although Sir Seymour Haden and Mr. Legros are not contributors, for he will find every branch of the art is represented—in some respects conspicuously well. While the *clou*, the main feature, of the show is the fine collection of bookplates contributed by Mr. Sherborn, the work of the principal members asserts itself as usual. Mr. Frank Short is perhaps not quite so happy in his etching as usual, but his aquatints are full of interest. One of these is not a completely happy experiment, although the general effect, suggestive of a water-colour by Turner, is very beautiful. The surface of the aquatint has been worked over, much as a process-block is nowadays worked over by a wood-engraver for the magazines; so that the result is not altogether dissimilar, in the foreground at least, from what might be expected from a worn-out steel-plate. Mr. D. Y. Cameron uses the needle with vigour and decision, and in his best work clasps hands, so to speak, with Mr. Strang—Meryon being the link that binds the two men together. Indeed, when Mr. Strang leaves Meryon and proceeds to emphasize the limitations rather than the characteristics of Mr. Legros, and, in some respects, of M. Meunier, he closes his eyes to grace and elegance and even to beauty, and seems to invite the spectator to scoff. Are all the processionists of Bruges stunted, hideous and, apparently, half

imbecile? Mr. Holroyd is not less personal; his hand is heavy, but his eye is picturesque and he has style, and he does not go the lengths of Mr. Strang. At the other extremity—(of the room as well)—are the grace and elegance of M. Helleu’s charming heads of women. He loves his masses of black-and-white contrasted, and a sweep of line as delicate and sweet as silver point; the elegance and *chic* of, say, Mignard, with the ease of Romney—these rendered, or suggested, in copper seem to be his aim. Colonel Goff sends some charming Italian compositions, but so far as character and local colour go (partly owing to the tone of the paper) his “Ponte Vecchio” might almost be a scene in England. Mr. Watson and Mr. Oliver Hall maintain their reputation.

MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS

IN no city in the world is the art lover so well supplied as in London with a constant succession of exhibitions—chiefly minor—of works of art and pseudo-art. We have lately dealt with a whole series, but a succession of notable shows have recently invited the attention of the gallery-goer.

The most interesting, doubtless, and the most important is the display of M. Burnand at the Dowdeswell Gallery. This artist is



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. COX

The Cunard liner *P. Pavonia*, which had such a terrible experience during the recent gale in the Atlantic, arrived in tow of two tugs in the Mersey last Saturday morning. While the *Pavonia* was being taken into the dock, the dock quays, sheds, and pierheads were thronged with people who had assembled to welcome her return, and many touching scenes were witnessed when the passengers landed and were greeted by their friends.

THE HOME-COMING OF THE “PAVONIA”: LANDING THE PASSENGERS AT LIVERPOOL

too well known to the English public to need introduction; indeed, no visitor to the French Exhibition at the Guildhall is likely to have forgotten his powerful and original “Return of the Prodigal”—which combined the religious conviction of Monsieur Tissot with the free handling and unconventional realism of Monsieur Raffaelli. The chief picture here shown is “The Man of Sorrows,” which contains the elements of a great work. It is exceedingly simple; it seems hardly more than a fragment, and has no background. The Saviour is shown, simply clad, kneeling to the right, the very type of humility and suffering, without any of the theatrical accessories or forced sentiment, with which most painters would be tempted to invest such a scene. The only objection we would urge is that the type is altogether too common, too ordinary to connect with Divinity. But the reticence of the work is worthy of all praise; while, as an exercise in colour, quiet though it is, the picture will command an admiration among artists which it may not always evoke among the general public.

Mr. Harry Goodwin exhibited in the same gallery four-score drawings of “Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow,” which should secure him a position which he has not hitherto enjoyed. There is no doubt a family resemblance between his charming work and that of his younger brother, Mr. Albert Goodwin, and perhaps it is not altogether so fine in its higher artistic qualities; while, furthermore, the artist is less orthodox in the combined use he makes of pure and body colour. But that he has keen sense of the picturesque, great power and knowledge in the rendering of mountains and mountain forms, sunsets, clouds, and light and colour phenomena, no one will deny. Indeed, every one can enjoy these poetical renderings of “effects” of light and the time of day, and appreciate the admirable architectural drawing.

The Bystander

“Stand by.”—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

“HERE, among his many boxes labelled with transcendent names, lives Mr. Tulkington, when not speechlessly at home in country houses, where great ones of the earth are bored to death. Here he is to-day, quiet at his table. An Oyster of the old school, whom nobody can open.” Do you know where was the office of the astute solicitor of whom frequent mention is made in “Bleak House”? It was at No. 58, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, a house but little altered since the legal adviser to Sir Leicester Dedlock transacted business within its walls. This mansion—along with others on the west side of the Fields—has, it is said, been already scheduled for the new street. Looking at the plans, however, it is difficult to understand why they should be interfered with. The proposed improvement appears to run well clear of them, and it seems a pity that these fine old buildings—some designed by Inigo Jones—should be sacrificed. If they are to come down it is to be hoped nothing new will be erected in their place, but that that side of the square may be removed and left open to the new thoroughfare. But the new thoroughfare has not been yet commenced, so those who are inclined will have plenty of opportunities of gazing upon the official residence of the “great reservoir of confidences” before it is swept away.

The house has, however, even closer Dickensian associations with this neighbourhood than those connected with “Bleak House.” Here resided at one time the novelist’s great friend and constant adviser, John Forster. It was here that Charles Dickens came after a rapid journey from Italy, to be succeeded by an equally rapid return, and gave one of his first readings to a very limited audience on December 2, 1844. The book he read was “The Chimes,” and among those present beside the host were Thomas Carlyle, Daniel Maclise, Douglas Jerrold, Clarkson Stanfield, Laman Blanchard, Fox, Dyce, and Harness. This remarkable occasion was probably the origin of those famous readings which eventually achieved such a vast popularity all over England and America. It was a memorable event, concerning which the reader subsequently wrote to his host, “I swear I wouldn’t have missed that week, that first night of our meeting, that one evening of the reading at your rooms, ay, and the second reading too, for any easily stated or conceived consideration.” What a number of houses pleasantly haunted, like this one, existed in London only a few years ago, and how fast, how very fast, are they altogether disappearing!

Collectors frequently have strange crazes, and often do not care what they spend upon their hobbies, but I never yet heard of anyone who took a fancy to collecting the houses of celebrities. Possibly such a taste would be even too expensive for the maddest of collectors. However, anyone with an inclination in this direction might have been able to gratify it with considerable satisfaction during the last few years, and in the course of the next few days might add some important items to his collection. Next Monday (the 20th) the house at Herne Hill where Mr. John Ruskin passed his early days will be offered for sale, and on the following day No. 16, Young Street, Kensington, where William Makepeace Thackeray lived, will be put up for public competition at the Auction Mart. Here the great novelist accomplished some of his best work, for it was here, I believe, that he wrote “Vanity Fair,” “Pendennis,” “Esmond,” and part of “The Newcomes.” Many pleasant allusions to this comfortable bow-windowed house, and interesting reminiscences connected therewith, by Mrs. Ritchie, may be found in the most delightful Biographical Edition of Thackeray’s works now in course of publication.

The suggestions with regard to the new system of coaling the domestic fire have been, I am glad to say, for the most part well received. A correspondent, who signs himself “Humphrey Fiddle-bore,” however, does not seem to be quite so well satisfied. In the course of his letter he says: “I thought the panacea I had so long looked for had at last been discovered. With what speed I could I hastened to put your invention into operation. I was charmed. Florinda (my wife) was charmed, so too were the rest of the family, with the noiselessness of the method. But, alas! we were soon disillusioned. Arabella—our maid—in a moment of extreme stupidity, consigned to the flames two boxes of choicest Habanas which I had just bought, and placed, still wrapped in brown paper in the fuel cupboard.” He further proceeds to inform me how other parcels became converted into unintentional burnt-offerings, and seems to think my invention, “which has ruined the happiness of his household,” is very much to blame. I fear I cannot agree with him. If you put anything in a coal scuttle you may naturally expect to find it eventually on the fire, and if parcels are placed in a cupboard devoted exclusively to coal, it can scarcely be surprising if they follow in the same direction. Let him have all his coal packets unwrapped in bright scarlet paper and then there will be—or should be—no more disastrous mistakes.

The Pope's Garden

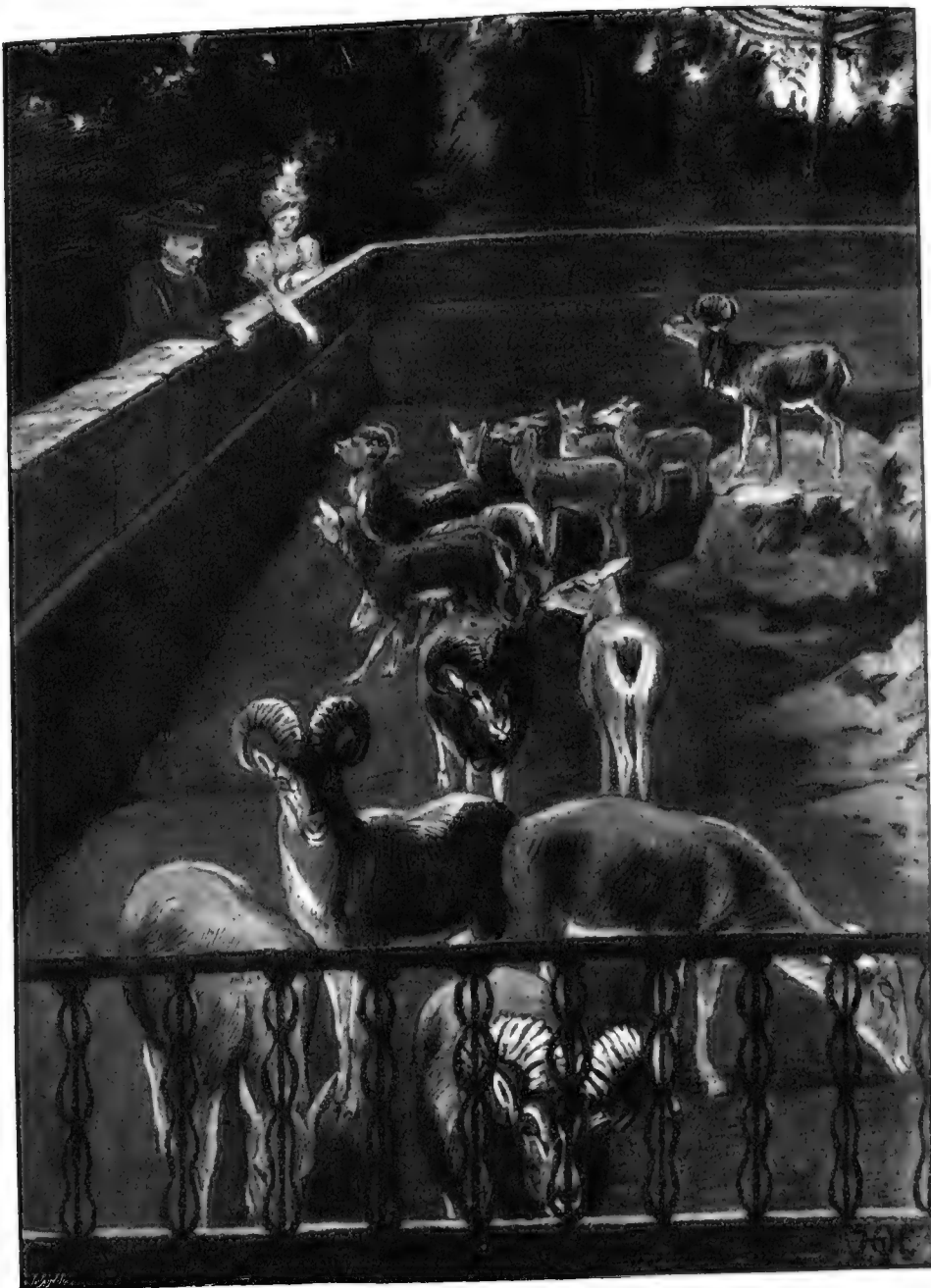
By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, K.C.B.

THE smallest Sovereign State in Europe is the Holy See at Rome, which, by the Law of Guarantees, passed by the Italian Government in 1871, includes the Pope's Palace of the Vatican and the Vatican Gardens,* which are connected with the Palace by two separate extensions of the building. It will be well known to the readers of *The Graphic* that His Holiness, as a matter of principle, and as a protest against the annexation of the Roman States to the Kingdom of Italy, never quits the narrow limits of the Palace and Garden still belonging to him. The palace is an enormous rambling building of not particularly handsome structure, and of various styles, dating back in its oldest portions only as far as the fifteenth century. It is said to contain as many as eleven hundred apartments. Only a small portion is reserved for the actual personal use of the Pope, the bulk of the accommodation being given up to the offices of the many organisations he controls, to the residences of Papal officials, and to the housing of the Papal Guards.

These latter consist of four bodies of men. Firstly, there is the Guardia Nobile, who as their name indicates are recruited from men of good birth and are practically a small cavalry force about fifty in number. Then comes the celebrated Swiss Guard, who are recruited chiefly amongst the German-speaking Swiss, but whose components must absolutely be subjects of Switzerland. This Swiss Guard has existed for some centuries. They wear uniforms designed by Michael Angelo, and are about 100 in number. Then there are the Palatine Guards, of which there are eighty, and a small number of Gendarmes, so that the Pope has about him for his protection and for the safe keeping of the glorious art treasures enshrined in the Vatican some 250 picked men.

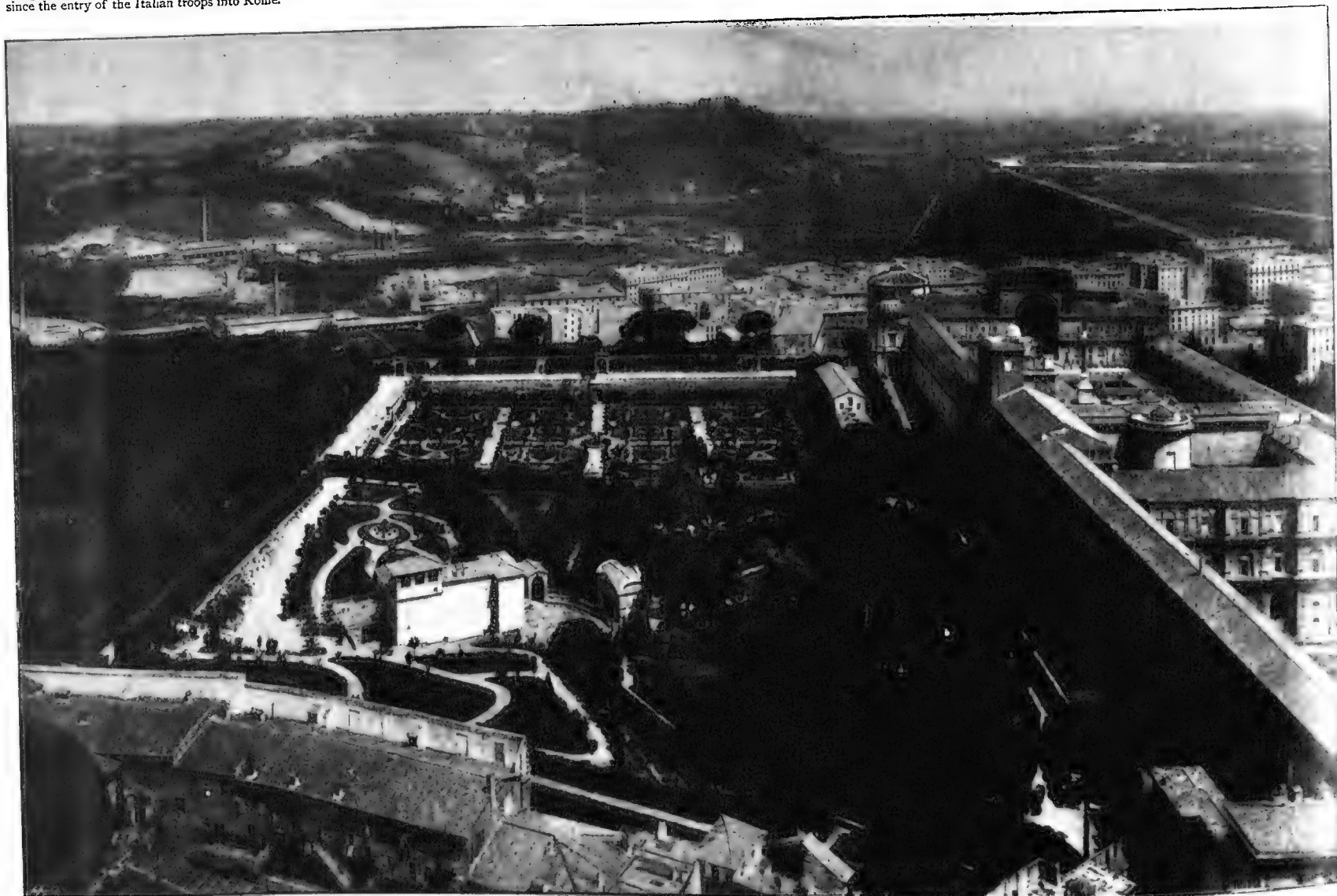
Of all these Papal soldiers none are so striking as the Swiss, whose appearance is a perfect feast to the eyes for form and colour as they stand at the gateways to the Vatican. With the greatest difficulty I managed to make a coloured sketch of this Guard, which gives a perfectly accurate representation of the remarkable uniform they wear, so striking in its originality and splendid defiance of convention, that it is typical of the genius of Michael Angelo. In their ordinary everyday costume the Swiss wear a kind of muffin cap of black with a red band, but on Sundays they don a black and gold helmet, and on special feast days, or at times of rejoicing, this helmet is supplemented with a gigantic white plume. These three forms of headdress, however, are said to have been of much later invention than the rest of the uniform, as Michael Angelo intended the Guards to go bare-headed. The uniform itself is yellow, black, and red in colour, the black being very black, the red a crimson scarlet, and the yellow a pure bright chrome. My painting will show the eccentric disposition of the colours more clearly than any verbal description. The stockings are striped black and yellow, and the shoes are black with large bows. I could not ascertain of what make the rifle was with which they were armed, but I remarked that the bayonet was the old-fashioned long sword-bayonet, and not the short stabbing knife which is now almost universally used. The drummers of this corps wear a similarly shaped tunic and breeches, but instead of being black, yellow, and red, their uniform is red and white with red stockings. On great occasions, when a helmet is worn at all, the men wear a white ruff round the neck, but this is absent in ordinary costume, and on occasions of State the rifles are replaced by halberds. The great-coat, which is a modern invention, of course, is a bluish grey with brass buttons and two large red tags on the front of the turned-down collar. The officers of this Guard have breeches of alternate scarlet and crimson, and a tunic of braided black.

* There are in addition the Palace of the Lateran and the Castel of Gandolfo, the latter being considered the Pope's country house, though it has never been occupied by him since the entry of the Italian troops into Rome.



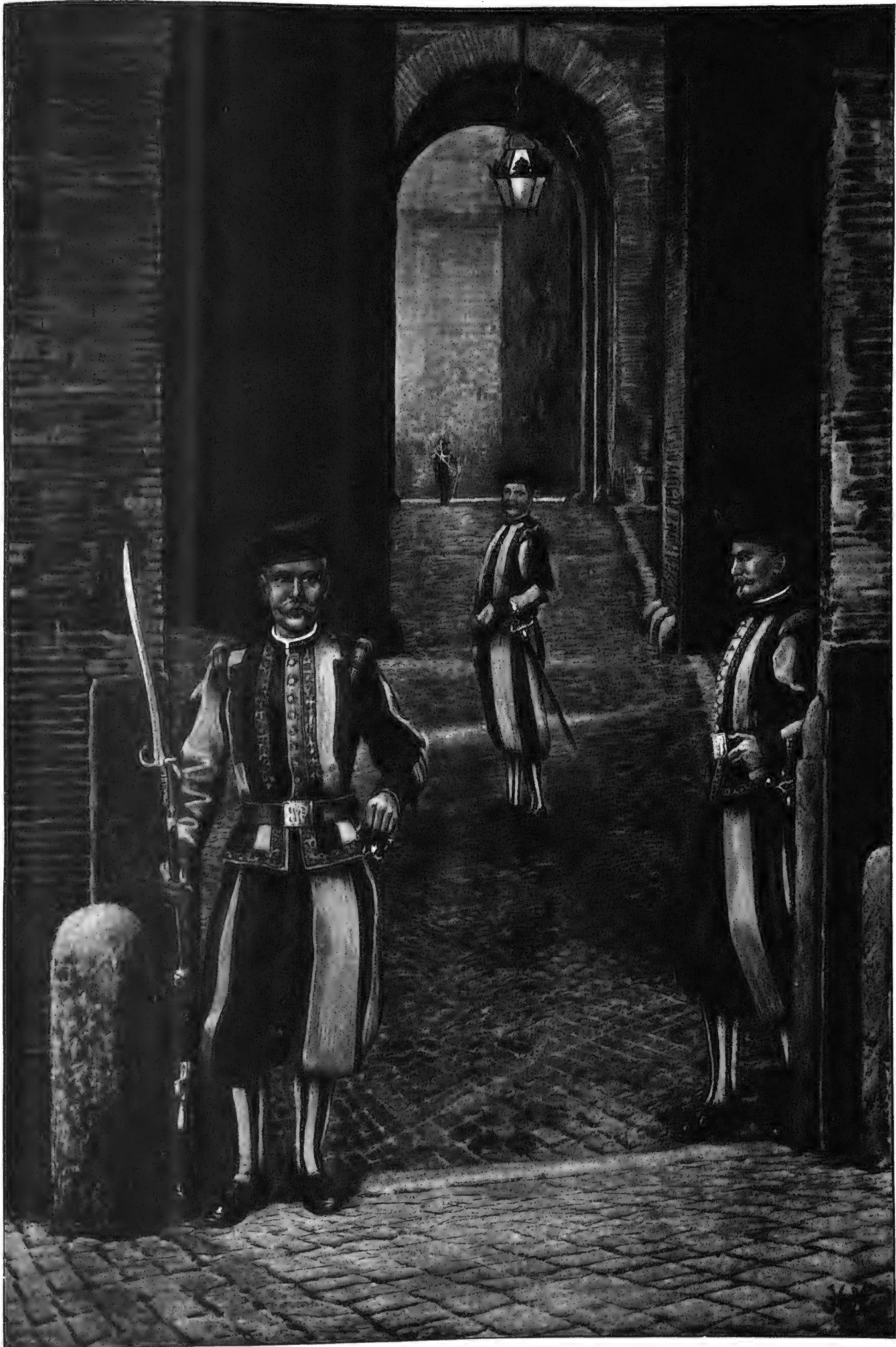
THE POPE'S HERD OF MOUFLONS

DRAWN BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, K.C.B.



A VIEW OF THE VATICAN GARDEN FROM THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S

From a Photograph by E. Allinari



THE POPE'S SWISS GUARDS AT THE VATICAN
DRAWN BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, K.C.B.



ST. PETER'S SEEN FROM A CORNER OF THE ITALIAN GARDEN OF THE VATICAN

DRAWN BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, K.C.B.

I have alluded to the difficulties I experienced in getting sketches of the Guard, who appeared to be unusually shy in this respect, though I had, of course, ascertained first of all that my intention of depicting them was not against the wishes of the Vatican Authorities. However, by devoting the greater part of my attention to the doorway which enshrines these glowing creatures, they became by degrees less self-conscious, and resumed their poses, though they were obviously relieved in mind on each occasion when I packed up my sketching materials and took my departure.

My attentions to the Swiss Guards, however, were but a passing caprice, as I was chiefly interested in visiting the Vatican gardens, which are not ordinarily shown to the public, as they constitute the only piece of ground on which the Pope can take outdoor exercise. His Holiness never uses what might be called the public entrance to the gardens, which is opposite the entrance to the Vatican Museum, but passes down by a small stairway, along a covered bridge, over the road which separates the Palace from the garden wall, and enters the gardens at a small dull green door. His carriage usually awaits him, and he drives along the gravelled roads of the great park, which has a total area of about 800 acres. His carriage is accompanied by an officer and a guard of men from the Guardia Nobile. The broad gravelled roads are bordered for some distance by high box hedges. The Pope usually drives for a certain distance to the borders of a small wood, and then gets out and walks, and on foot often visits his many pets, who are housed in well-appointed yards and aviaries.

It is, I am informed, a complete fiction that the Pope ever concerns himself with the netting of small birds, a statement which has

One of them, however, which was a good talker, made use of distinctly coarse expressions in, I am sorry to say, the English tongue. He had evidently reached Rome, directly or indirectly, by means of an English ship. There are fowl-runs containing good breeds of fowls, and dove-cots with innumerable pigeons. Perhaps, however, the animals which interested me the most were the mouflons, of which the Pope possesses a fine herd. These wild sheep came to him from Sardinia originally, but their numbers have increased considerably in captivity. I noticed some of the rams carrying very fine horns.

There were not many cultivated flowers in the garden, though here and there was a fine bed of chrysanthemums, but in the woods of ilex and pine the ground was covered with a beautiful wild cyclamen.

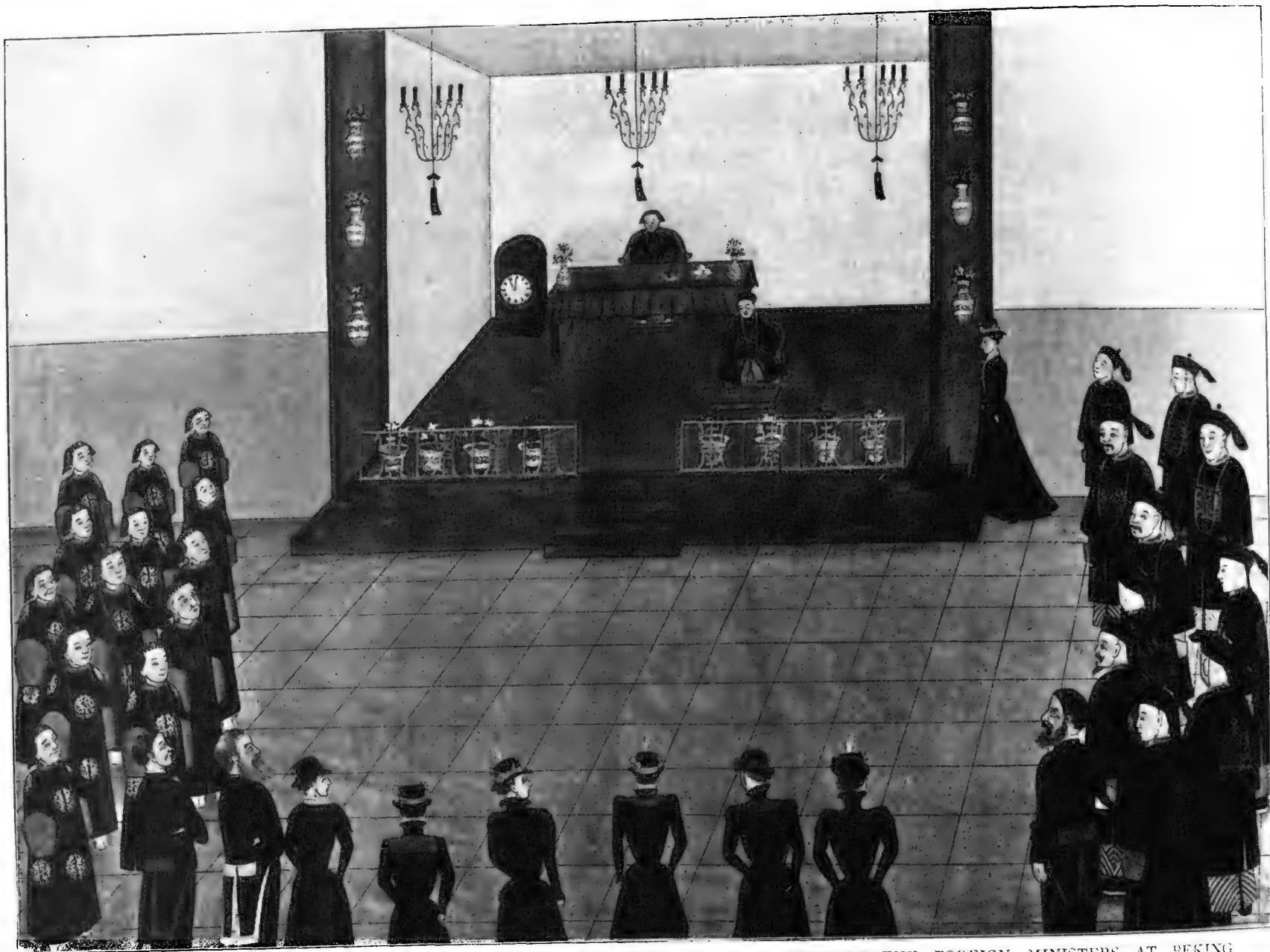
There are two large fountains in the Vatican gardens, one of them singularly lovely, with its background of rock and fern. The most charming part of the grounds, however, from a picturesque point of view, is the Italian garden, which is situated close to the main entrance. This is a parallelogram sunk a little below the surface and surrounded by stone balustrades or high box hedges. Inside this typical Italian garden the bright green turf is cut up into figures of quaint design interspersed with neatly kept gravelled paths and parterres, in which grow blue-green aloes or dwarf palms, or beautiful flowering shrubs. Round the outer edge of this garden are pollarded orange trees in terra-cotta pots. One splendid date palm rises against the sky, and here and there are tiny fountains. From a corner of the balustrades surrounding the garden a noble view of St. Peter's is obtained, which I spent some time in sketching

public buildings and gardens of Rome, which are managed by the local government of that city. Few places have ever conveyed to me a deeper sense of peace and quiet beauty than may be felt in the Vatican gardens. The penetrating scent of the box hedges, the rich green gloom between their high walls and under the thickets of pine and ever-green oak, the plash of the fountains, the cooing of many doves and pigeons, and the whispered talk of passing ecclesiastics or Papal officials constitute a combination eminently soothing to the senses of sight, hearing, and smell, and the calm is only accentuated by the occasional cheery screams coming from the Papal macaws.

Concerts of the Week

THE last of the Symphony Concerts took place at Queen's Hall on Saturday, and they will now be suspended for some months. The experiment of wholly neglecting English music, and introducing instead some of the minor works of the Scandinavian, Slavonic and other composers, is, however, not likely to be repeated. Indeed the only novelty announced for last Saturday's programme, a Suite by the Russian composer Tanéjeff, had to be wholly abandoned.

The first of the Philharmonic Concerts took place last week, but despite the extreme length of the programme no room was found for any novelty, the scheme mainly consisting of Schumann's Symphony in B flat, Mackenzie's "Belle Dame sans Merci," Liszt's E flat Concerto played by Herr Von Dohnányi, and



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA AND THE EMPEROR RECEIVING THE WIVES OF THE FOREIGN MINISTERS AT PEKING
FROM A DRAWING BY A CHINESE ARTIST

been made several times and is repeated in M. Zola's book on Rome. On the contrary, compared to many an Italian garden, wild birds are numerous in the shady woods of the Vatican Park.

The Pope takes a keen interest in his vineyards, of which there are three or four within the limits of the estate. Here vines of various varieties are grown with the greatest care, and the Pope is said to know as much about this special branch of husbandry as any Italian wine-grower.

The Casino in which the Pope occasionally resides during the hottest part of the summer is a mixture of very old and very new buildings. It has an immense tower several centuries old, with walls so thick that even in summer the interior is cold, and fires require to be burned there if it is inhabited. The portion of the Casino, however, which contains the Pope's private apartments has been quite recently built anew, and under one of its balconies bears an entablature with the arms of Leo X. From the windows of this summer residence a superb view is obtained over Rome, though it is said to grate somewhat on the feelings of the Pope that placed in full view of his windows on the Janiculum Hill opposite is the huge equestrian statue of Garibaldi, silhouetted against the sky.

I have referred to the Pope's love of animals. He has in some respects an interesting collection of birds and beasts in his grounds, and it afforded me peculiar satisfaction to see how excellently these creatures were lodged and cared for. Their dwellings would have done credit to our own Zoological Gardens or to some of the admirably organised zoological gardens in Germany. One large enclosure contains fallow deer, another alongside was inhabited by ostriches. There was a large aviary of magnificent macaws. These birds were very tame and friendly, and are said to be special favourites of the Pope.

for the illustrations of this paper. In the middle distance between the dome of St. Peter's and the border of the garden is a portion of the Pope's Casino.

Among other curious details of the Vatican gardens is a little shrine of the Virgin in a rocky hollow. Perched amid tiny pinnacles of rock, with a little fountain bubbling out below, is an image of the Virgin and Child, coarse in appearance but evidently possessing some history and special interest of its own, though what this history was I could not ascertain from the officials who were good enough to show me round. But on the ledge below the figure was a wire rack in which were squeezed innumerable visiting cards from persons of both sexes, though women were in the preponderance. On the cards were occasionally written a few touching words or brief prayers. So far as I could gather this shrine was in existence before the present Pope became the tenant of these gardens, and His Holiness would have been inclined to discourage the leaving of cards or letters at the feet of this little figure, but that the practice did no harm to anyone and was a source of consolation to many.

From this detail it may be inferred that the Vatican gardens are frequently visited by the public. This is the case, though it is by no means easy for every one to obtain admission, the Papal authorities being far readier to admit any number of poor people, peasants, schoolchildren, and students, rather than the wealthy tourist who wishes to see the gardens out of vulgar curiosity. It is very pleasant wandering about these grounds, however, for the gardeners and workmen salute one with pleasant greetings, and do not follow the visitor all over the place asking for tips, as is done to a perfectly outrageous extent by the caretakers and employes in the

Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto splendidly rendered by the young American violinist, Miss Leonora Jackson.

At the Westminster Orchestral Society's Concert, the interesting overture to *The Tempest*, reconstructed as a concert piece by Mr. Frederick Corder, was produced for the first time. It is a very well-written work, the funeral march which plays so important a part in the drama being exceptionally effective. At the same concert Mr. Frederiksen introduced a new and rather original "Swedish Rhapsody," dedicated to the King of Sweden by Mr. Sauret the violinist.

At the Crystal Palace on Saturday a difficult, though otherwise not particularly attractive, concerto for violoncello and orchestra by the late M. Renard was produced. This young musician, who was a brother of the chief violoncellist of the Crystal Palace, died in London last year at the early age of twenty-nine. The principal feature of Saturday's concert was the *Adieu* of Herr Schilling, a pupil of Huber and Paderewski. He is an American by birth, but German by nationality, and is a skilled pianist. His rendering of Schumann's Concerto being, perhaps, better than that of a couple of Chopin pieces.

As was generally expected *The Love Feast of the Angels*, produced by the Royal Choral Society last Thursday for the first time in London, did not make much effect at the Albert Hall. The cantata is a mere occasional piece, written in Wagner's comparative youth, that is to say before he had finished *Tannhäuser*, and it would have been far more effective in a church, for which indeed it was originally intended.



MR. WILLIAM MOORE
New M.P. for North Antrim



THE LATE SIR JULIUS VOGEL
Formerly Agent-General for New Zealand



MR. C. P. TREVELYAN
New M.P. for Elland Division of Yorks



THE LATE SIR DOUGLAS GALTON
The Eminent Sanitarian

Our Portraits

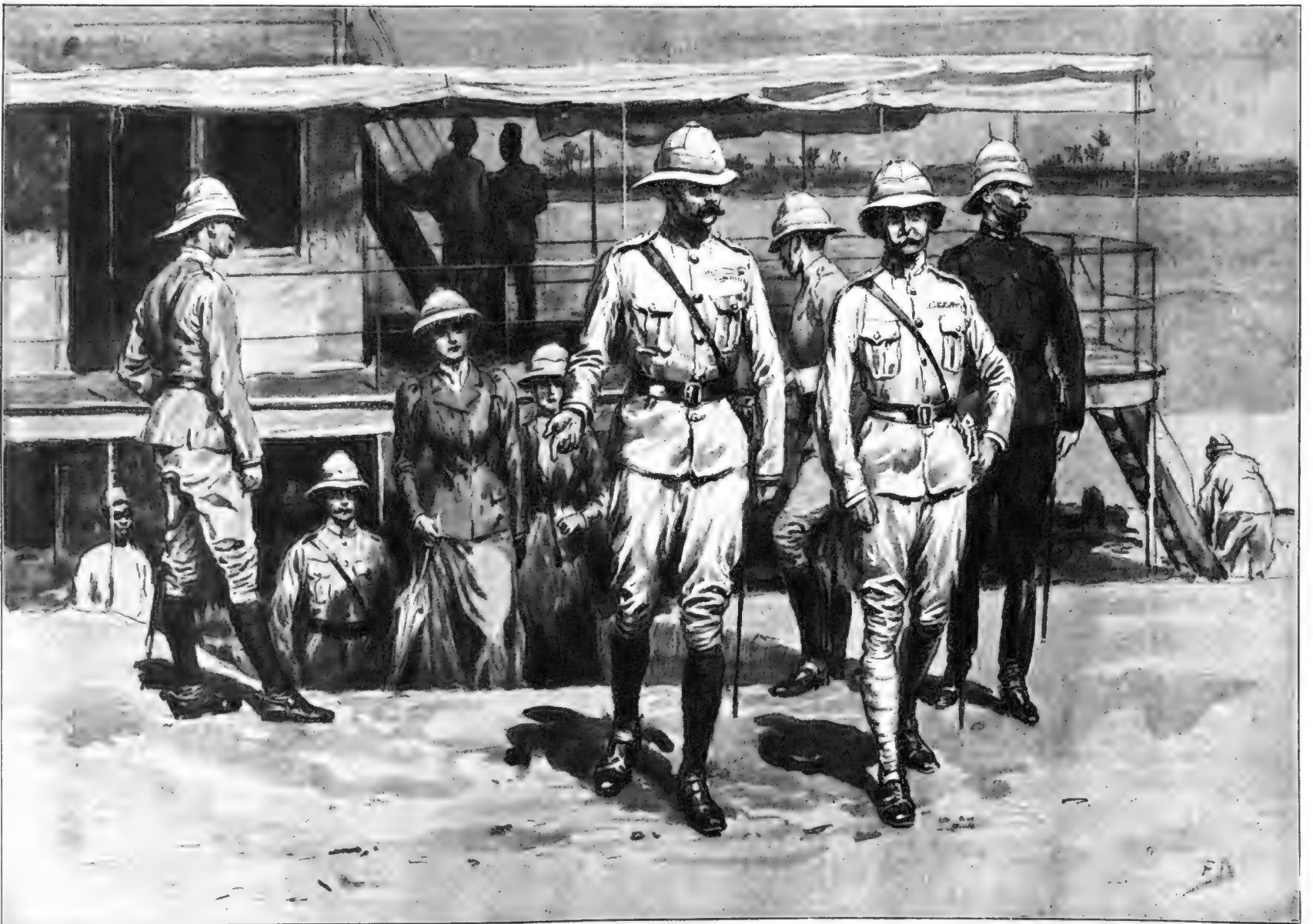
SIR DOUGLAS GALTON, K.C.B., who died at the end of last week, was born in 1822 at Hadzor House, Worcestershire, and entered the Royal Academy, Woolwich, at the age of fifteen. After an exceptionally brilliant career at that institution he obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers in 1840. All his life he was deeply interested in railways. In 1847 he became Secretary to the Railway Commission that investigated the application of iron to railway structures. Shortly afterwards he was appointed an inspector of railways, and became Secretary of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, a post which he resigned in 1860. He served on a Royal Commission of Railways in 1866, and strongly opposed State purchase. Some ten years later he took an active part in a series of experiments with automatic brakes. Besides being an undoubted authority in all that concerned railways, Sir Douglas Galton was a recognised expert on sanitary questions. It was due to his representations that the sewage of London is now carried down to Sea Reach instead of being poured into the river at Barking. During the Crimea Captain Galton (as he then was) did much good service in assisting to ameliorate the sanitary conditions of the British Army in the Crimea. The Herbert Hospital at Woolwich was constructed from his designs. Sir Douglas Galton also rendered important services to the cause of submarine telegraphy. In 1860 he became Assistant Inspector-General of Fortifications, and two years later Assistant Under-Secretary for War, resigning that post in 1870. From the latter year to 1875 he was Director of Public Works and Buildings in the Board of Works Office. For twenty-five years he acted as General Secretary of the

British Association, and was President in 1895. He was elected to the Royal Society in 1863. Oxford conferred the honorary D.C.L. upon him, and Durham and Montreal the LL.D. He was made C.B. in 1863, and K.C.B. in 1887.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Sir Julius Vogel, K.C.M.G., who died on Sunday, was well known for the great influence he has had on the history of New Zealand and of the Australian Colonies generally. Sir Julius Vogel was born in London in 1835, and was educated at University College School. At the age of seventeen he went to Australia, and afterwards to New Zealand, where he entered upon a mercantile career. Then he started the first newspaper in the colony. A year after his arrival in New Zealand he entered the Provincial Council of Otago, and in 1866 became head of the Provincial Government. In 1867 he was called upon to fill the office of Colonial Treasurer. The war had drained the resources of the Northern Island, and in 1870 Sir Julius Vogel announced the policy of public borrowing for public works which has been since so generally associated with his name. To him belongs the credit of concluding arrangements by which Colonial loans have for the last twenty years been issued in the form of inscribed stock. In 1873 he became Prime Minister of New Zealand, and during his term of office he established Government life insurance and the public trustee systems. In 1875 he resigned and was created K.C.M.G. A year later he came to London as Agent-General for the Colony. Sir Julius Vogel was an enthusiastic Imperialist. In 1880 he contested Penryn in the Conservative interest, but was defeated. Four years he returned to the Colony and resumed the post of Colonial Treasurer. Since 1888 he had lived in England.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The polling in the Elland Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Thomas Wayman (Liberal), resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate, Mr. C. P. Trevelyan. This result was only what might have been expected, for Mr. Wayman had represented the constituency since 1885. Mr. P. S. Foster, however, made a gallant fight, and deserves credit for his pluck in contesting the constituency. Mr. Charles Philips Trevelyan, the new member, is the eldest son of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, the ex-Irish Secretary. He was born in 1870, and was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with honours in history. He first took an active interest in politics in 1892, when he took part in the elections in Northumberland. When Lord Crewe was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in that year Mr. Trevelyan became his private secretary. At the last General Election he unsuccessfully contested North Lambeth against Mr. H. M. Stanley.—Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. William Moore, who has been returned unopposed as a Conservative for North Antrim, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmont, is the eldest son of Dr. William Moore, M.D., and J.P. for county Antrim, a former President of the College of Physicians in Ireland, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, and Crown Representative for Ireland on the General Medical Council. Mr. Moore was born in 1864, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was gold medallist in oratory of the University Philosophical Society. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1887.—Our portrait is by Robinson, Dublin.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN M. J. W. PIKE

After laying the foundation stone of the great dam at Assouan the Duke of Connaught went on to Khartoum, where he arrived on the 19th ult. A guard of honour, composed of two hundred men, was furnished by the detachment of the First Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers (at present quartered in Khartoum), and was drawn up at the entrance to the Sirdar's camp. The Duke, who was accompanied by the Duchess, was met

on arrival at the landing-stage by the Sirdar and staff, and also by the principal officers quartered in Khartoum. After visiting the chief places of interest in the city, His Royal Highness inspected the camp of the detachment 1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, and returned to Omdurman in the evening



FROM A SKETCH BY A. GASCOIGNE WILDEY, R.N.

DRAWN BY W. HATHILL, R.I.

The Palace Carnival Ball is always the great event of the year in Malta. This year it was of more interest than usual, as, following closely upon the arrival of a new Governor, it took more of the nature of an introduction between the Governor and the residents. A feature of the ball was a special minuet danced with much stately grace by ladies and gentlemen selected from the Navy, Garrison, and English Society. The minuet dancers at a certain moment all made a courtesy to the Governor and Lady Grenfell, and the scene was most picturesque and effective.

THE CARNIVAL BALL AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT MALTA: THE MINUET DANCERS SALUTING THE THRONE

Mrs. Keeley

By W. MOY THOMAS

THE various writers who have spoken of the late Mrs. Keeley this week as dying "at the age of ninety-two" have probably been misled by some courtly compilers of dramatic biographies. This grand old lady of the stage, who, to do her justice, never exhibited the weakness of desiring to understate her own age, was born on November 22, 1805, in Ipswich, next door to the modest little theatre in which town her father, as she has somewhere told us, carried on the business of a brazier and tinman. She was, therefore, in her ninety-fourth year, as is further shown by the fact that the public celebration of her ninetieth birthday took place in 1895. It seems to have been chiefly her voice and musical talents which led her to take to the stage. It is certain, however, that she joined, when a mere girl in her "teens," the travelling companies of the York and Norwich circuits, and before she was twenty was playing at the Lyceum in London as Rosina in the ballad opera of that name, and as Little Pickle, a famous part of the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, in *The Spoiled Child*. In 1832-3 she was at Covent Garden. Subsequently she was seen at the Adelphi under Yates, and at the same house, and also at the Olympic, under Charles Mathews the younger. She had now become known for her command both of humour and pathos in romantic plays and melodramas; but it was her marriage with the famous comedian, Robert Keeley, that finally decided her to abandon singing parts, for Keeley had no operatic gifts, and the couple, who had become acquainted through their being both members of the Adelphi company, preferred, when that was practicable, to play together. It became the fashion to speak of "Mr. and Mrs. Keeley," and their professional partnership, though it was once or twice broken by separate engagements in town, was mutually beneficial. Nydia, in *The Last Days of Pompeii*, Smike in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and Jack Sheppard in a version of Ainsworth's romance, are the best remembered of her successes of that time. Mrs. Keeley's subsequent career belongs to the history of the stage. She was with Macready in 1842 at DRURY LANE, and was the invaluable partner of her husband in his management of the LYCEUM, 1844—playing equally well in romantic plays, farces, and burlesques. Their various subsequent engagements kept the Keeleys pretty constantly before the public. The death of her husband in 1869 determined her to retire from the stage. Till comparatively recently she was often to be seen enjoying a performance at the theatre, but of late she had lived in retirement in the old house in Brompton in which she had resided for more than half a century. Mrs. Keeley had two daughters (now deceased) who inherited something of their mother's talents, and were actresses and singers of some note. Mary, the elder, married Mr. Albert Smith, the novelist; the other, Louise, Mr. Montagu Williams, the well-known police magistrate.

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By MARY H. TENNYSON

MUCH has already been written about the original of the portrait which illustrates this little memoir of a really most remarkable woman, whom it has been my privilege to know intimately almost all my life. But Mrs. Keeley is a subject on which something fresh may always be said, so infinite were the talents of this truly charming old lady. I use the term "old lady" in deference to the generally accepted view of Mrs. Keeley, but, frankly, when in her society a persistent doubt would obtrude itself in my mind as to whether this statement can be a correct one. Was it possible she could have entered her ninety-fourth year? Should not the date of her birth have been 1825 or even 1835? And I think most will be inclined to agree with me that Miss Julia B. Folkard's portrait, if it were not for the legible attestation that it represents "Mary Anne Keeley, aged 92," would argue strongly in favour of this supposition.

But it is not alone in appearance that Mrs. Keeley seemed to belie all authentic records; for the phenomenal youthfulness and freshness of her mind and disposition were certainly even more remarkable; and chatting with her in her pretty, sunny drawing-room in Pelham Crescent, South Kensington, we forgot entirely that we were talking to one who actually finished her work in life before many of us had opened our eyes upon ours. Instinctively we treated her with deference; but it was the deference we should all show to superior gifts, not to old age.

There was, in fact, nothing even old-fashioned about Mrs. Keeley. Thoroughly up to date she was, and marching steadily with the times, there was no current subject on which she was not well informed. The amount of reading, too, she accomplished was extraordinary, and she revelled in novels, the merits of which she keenly criticised. But naturally the drama had the firmest hold upon her interest, and here again she was quite



THE LATE MRS. KEELEY

From the Portrait painted by Julia B. Folkard

unusual, for from her you never heard the pessimistic cry of the decadence of the stage. She, of course, spoke as an expert, but she looked for merits, not faults, in the younger generation; she was very generous of her praise, nor did she ever compare, to its disadvantage, the present with the past.

Indeed, the only severe judgment I have ever heard her pass on things theatrical has been on the much-to-be-lamented "problem play." Broad farce she delighted in, she was in no way squeamish, and she could enjoy to the full an up-to-date farcical comedy from the French. But this grand Early Victorian comedienne objected to too much "shoppy" talk, and in connection with this I recall an incident that amused me greatly. Visiting her one afternoon, I found her, to my surprise, alone; as a rule, go when you would, she had appreciative friends and acquaintances round her, and my surprise was much intensified when, in answer to my inquiries, she declared she was "dull." Mrs. Keeley dull! Unheard of situation! "Well, my dear," she said, rather plaintively, "I am dull, or, at least, uncomfortable. I've been rude—oh yes, I have, I've been very rude, and I'm afraid I've offended

T—and C—and I should be sorry to do that, for they are good fellows. But I couldn't help it. They bored me. They came here full of that theatrical quarrel. I'm sick to death of it, my dear; and they would talk of nothing else. At last I could bear it no longer, and I said two words, only two, and I had not spoken for five minutes before that. I said 'Hang theatricals!' They stopped, they looked at me, and, without a single syllable, they got up, ran out of the room, and out of the house! Oh, don't laugh, my dear, it was very rude of me."

I had the good fortune to see Mrs. Keeley act once. When she was seventy-six she played "Betsy Baker" for the benefit of her friend, Mr. John L. Toole, and the impression that remains upon my mind of her performance is the remarkable distinction with which it was invested. It was broad comedy, intensely humorous and vigorous, but there was a polish about it which is not to be found in the modern, perhaps more realistic, method. That true artiste, Mrs. John Wood, is of the school of Mrs. Keeley, but though she is a powerful comedienne, who can stir us to tears or laughter at her will, she has not this same peculiar quality of distinction, which quality, I imagine, in conjunction with a marvellous power of dominating an audience, secured Mrs. Keeley the exceptional position on the stage to which she attained.

But though Mrs. Keeley gave her most earnest attention to the stage, she would probably have succeeded in any form of art to which she had applied herself, for she was not only a cultivated musician but she was a water-colour artist of conspicuous ability. She was modest, however, and confined herself to copying, and among her art treasures, which comprised presentation pictures by F. Goodall R.A., Stansfield, and Keeley Halswelle, is a charming sea-scape by the latter, which was given to Mrs. Keeley by the artist himself in return for the wonderfully accurate copy she had just made of it. Her embroidery, too, from natural flowers, was truly marvellous, and to hear her sing, in a rich mezzo-soprano voice, a verse of either a sentimental or comic ditty, was an education.

Mrs. Keeley's last appearance in public, at the grand reception given to her at the Lyceum, on the occasion of the ninetieth anniversary of her birth, is too fresh in the recollection of all to need comment here. Suffice it to say I was present, and can testify to the genuine excitement and enthusiasm of the vast audience, when the wonderful old artiste stepped forward, with her hand resting lightly on the arm of her stage comrade and friend, Mrs. John Billington, and, in the charming words of Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry, replied to Mrs. John Wood's address in tones that thrilled all hearers, and penetrated clearly to the furthest recesses of the theatre.

To conclude. Like the moon, according to Mr. W. S. Gilbert in *The Mikado*, Mrs. Keeley was very "wide-awake;" no one ever caught her napping, nor was she ever at a loss for a reply, and the right reply, too. But once, I've heard her say, she nearly came to grief. Soon after the reception at the Lyceum, the Queen, who recollected the actress well in her palmy days, desired that she should be presented. This honour was naturally greatly appreciated by Mrs. Keeley, who certainly was less nervous than might have been expected. One very embarrassing moment, however, she experienced. Her Majesty, who treated the comedienne with her usual gracious consideration, inquired the date of her retirement from the stage. Immediately it flashed across Mrs. Keeley's mind that the malady which obliged her to give up her art occurred at exactly the same time as the fatal illness of the Prince Consort, December, 1861, and, as a matter of fact, that the shock of the sudden news of his death considerably increased her own ailment. But only an instant she hesitated, and then she replied, "Madam, I have never retired." Which, indeed, is true, for Mrs. Keeley never took any formal farewell of her beloved and loving public. On Monday, March 6, Mrs. Keeley was smitten with influenza, and on Thursday, the 9th inst., pneumonia supervened, and proved fatal on the morning of Sunday, the 12th. Mrs. Keeley was conscious almost up to the end, finishing an honourable life courageously and bravely. It would be difficult to say how greatly those who knew and loved her will miss her cheery presence.



Mr. O. Smith
(Newman Noggs)

Mrs. Keeley
(Smike)

Mr. J. Webster
(Nicholas Nickleby)

MRS. KEELEY IN MR. STERLING'S BURLETTA, "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY" IN 1838

THEIR LATE EXPERIENCE OF WAR in the campaign against Spain hardly encourages the Americans to repeat the experiment. The complaints of mismanagement grow louder since the death roll of the campaign has been published, showing that while 329 of the American troops lost their lives in action and 125 died of their wounds, no fewer than 5,277 succumbed to disease. Then, again, both Navy and Army reap very little reward for their hardships. Usually naval men look forward to a good share of prize-money, but in the present case the prizes captured were worth so little that not even the officers will get the equivalent of an extra month's pay. Now military men assert that it is only fair to give the troops their share of reward for property captured in the cities to balance the prize-money to the Navy for seizing vessels.



FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN A. W. WYLDE, R.M.L.

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

AN HISTORIC EPISODE IN THE CHINESE COURT: THE RECEPTION OF THE WIVES OF FOREIGN MINISTERS BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER



THE BUFFET CAR

The Great Central Railway

LAST week the extension of the Great Central Railway—by which name the old Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln Railway is now known—was opened with imposing ceremony, and the first train to the North was started from the London terminus by the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. C. T. Ritchie, M.P. The ceremony was preceded by a luncheon, at which Lord Wharncliffe,



THE EARL OF WHARNCLIFFE
Chairman of the G.C.R.

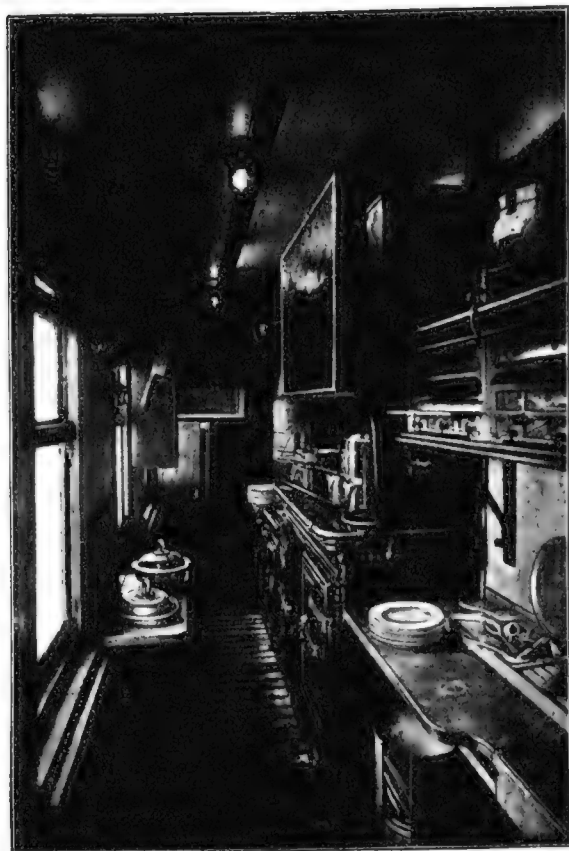
at, being equipped with all the most modern improvements. By the side of the flag-decked engine was a crimson-decked dais,

and on this Mr. Ritchie took his place, and with him were Lord Cross, Sir Edward Watkin, Sir John Maclure, the Mayor of Nottingham, Mr. Pollitt, and all the principal officials of the line. Mr. Ritchie pulled a silver lever, the engine whistled a shrill salute, and away went the first train north on the new line.

The new line was fully described in our issue of last week. A few words about the rolling stock should be added. Each of the new express trains constituting the latest additions to the Company's stock will be composed of corridor trains. The dining cars are lighted by electricity, and are sumptuously fitted. The seats and tables are placed at the sides with a passage down the centre. The first-class dining cars seat twenty, while the third-class cars, which are so comfortable in appearance, that one wonders why there should be any first-class, seat thirty-six. The kitchen car is admirably arranged. The cooking is done by gas stoves. This car also contains, besides compartments for attendants, two private first-class dining compartments. The ordinary carriages of this veritable *train de luxe* are, of course, very handsomely decorated and upholstered. One of the most striking features of the new trains is the buffet car, in which there is a regular bar with its attendant. Railway travelling would lose its tediousness if all journeys could be made with the comforts provided by the Great Central Railway.



MR. W. POLLITT
General Manager of the G.C.R.



THE KITCHEN CAR

Opera in London

A CABLE from New York some few days ago gave what purported to be a list of the company engaged for the Royal Opera next season. But the list was so obviously inaccurate, and, as we understand, it is so essentially incomplete, that it can only be accepted as a first draft. For example, the name of Madame Eames is mentioned as among those with whom negotiations are pending, but we have the lady's authority to state that the offer of the Covent Garden Syndicate has been declined. We also learn that during the recent visit of the directors to Germany, several new and other artists have been engaged from the German theatres to play Herr Thuille's new opera, *Lobelia*, and, no doubt, also one or more operas of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Among the artists thus retained are that distinguished *prima donna*, Frau Mottl, besides Frau Wittich, the well-known vocalist of Dresden; Frau Galski, an Americo-German dramatic soprano who was announced for last season, although, after all, her *début* was postponed till this year; M. Van Dyck, who will play in several of the Wagnerian *idylls* in German; Herr Van Rooy, the best Wotan we ever had; Herr Simon and Herr Muhlmann. The German opera conductors will be Herr Mottl and Herr Schalk. It is also possible that Frau Lilli Lehmann, whose rendering of the part of Isolde some fifteen years ago will not be forgotten by the *habitues* of Covent Garden, may be engaged; and a contract has likewise been signed with Frau Schumann-Heink, who was a member of the company last season, but who is just now suffering from a rather severe pulmonary illness in New York. The German operatic list of artists, however, is indisputably strong, the more especially as the brothers De Reszké will play the leading parts in the chief Wagnerian operas, and particularly *Lohengrin* and *Tristan* in

German, and *Die Meistersinger* in Italian. In New York also M. Jean De Reszké has gained enormous credit for his rendering of Siegfried in *Götterdämmerung*, the only opera of the "Ring" in which he has appeared there; and it is possible that he may repeat this impersonation in London next season. Indeed, so popular have the afternoon performances of the "Ring" proved in America that another cycle is announced for this month, *Götterdämmerung* commencing as early as a quarter to one in the afternoon. Madame Melba has been retained for a certain number of performances at Covent Garden, but the ordinary *prima donna* list is obviously not yet in any way complete, as arrangements with Madame Calvé, Madame Nordica and other artists have not been concluded. Indeed, the chief sopranos as yet engaged for the regular repertory besides Madame Melba are Miss De Lussan, Madame Saville and Madame Engle. The De Reszkés will, of course, return, and besides M. Van Dyck, the tenor list will likewise include M. Saleza, Herr Dippel and M. De Lucia; among the other artists being MM. Renaud, Ancona, Albers, Bispham, Gillibert, Dufrech and Plançon. The run of English opera in the suburbs continues. Mr. Turner is, indeed, now in the fifth week of his successful season at the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch; Mr. Cunningham is in the second week of the season of his National Opera Company at the Princess of Wales Theatre, Kennington; while on Monday Mr. Arthur Rousbey opened a week's season at the Grand Theatre, Fulham; and next Monday Madame Fanny Moody, with her company, will be at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham. Nearly all these troupes are playing the regular repertory, consisting of such English operas as *The Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, and *The Lily of Killarney*, together with, from the Italian repertory, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, and, from the French operas, *Faust*, *Fra Diavolo*, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, and similar works. On Monday, however, at Kennington, *Don Giovanni* was revived, and the performance last week of *Hänsel and Gretel* was so successful that it is to be repeated. Indeed, we should not be surprised if this ever-charming work were again placed in the repertory of the Carl Rosa Company. Except *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, most of these travelling troupes seem to avoid German opera in general, and Wagner in particular.



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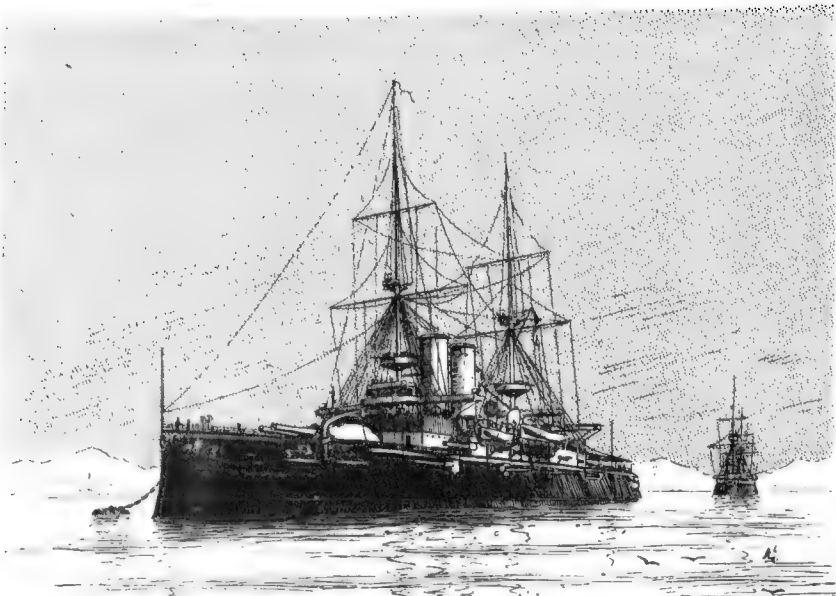
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H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE," LAUNCHED AT DEVONPORT



H.M.S. "GLORY," FLOATED AT BIRKENHEAD

It is not often that two battleships are launched or floated out in one day. Last Saturday, however, the *Implacable* was launched at Devonport, and the *Glory* was floated out at Birkenhead. The former is of an improved *Majestic* class, and is of 15,000 tons load displacement. The *Glory* is of the *Canopus* type, and her displacement is 12,900 tons.

OUR TWO NEW BATTLESHIPS

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

It has often surprised me that millionaires, to whom money is no object, and who wish to astonish and dazzle society by their lavish entertainments, do not diverge somewhat from the beaten track, instead of following blindly in the footsteps of their meaner prototypes. For instance, when they give balls, the proceedings are the same as at any ordinary function, except that the music is of the best; the supper contains the same dishes, the same hot cutlets, the same roast quails, or, perhaps, ortolans, only in greater profusion; same fine gowns, the same jewels, even if bigger and more magnificent. Why not break away altogether from tradition? Why copy servilely all your predecessors? Why not take a leaf out of the old Romans' book, study the feasts of the Emperors, or even of the Medicis when at the lurid zenith of the Italian Republics? These men were artistic as well as ostentatious; their luxury was refined as well as extravagant; they sought to please a cultured taste, to surprise and charm as well as merely to spend money.

To America alone can we look for further developments in the art of entertaining, in the science of gorgeous expenditure to which Disraeli's Oriental mind turned so freely in the descriptions of his

heroes and their abodes. Mr. Guggenheisser, President of the New York Municipality, is evidently impressed with their ideas, and when he entertained forty political and personal friends to dinner determined to receive them worthily. The repast was spread beneath a spreading vine in a winter garden full of the fragrance of spring flowers and foliage, and cheered by the songs of birds, some tame in cages, others flying in happy freedom amid the branches. Real grapes hung from the trellis work, which represented a "pergola," and growing flowers decorated the ground at their feet. A fountain quietly trickled in front of the company presided over by a bronze figure leaning against a stork, while the electric light caused the semblance of day to deceive even the full-throated singers in the foliage. The banquet, worthy of its surroundings, comprised all that was best and rarest among the fruits of the earth. Strawberries in profusion, and even a new kind of raspberry from New Jersey, of immense size and wonderful flavour brought in on sugar leaves in imitation of their own, completed the fabulous repast. Now, this is a good beginning; let other millionaires follow suit. It may never be our fate to honour art so much as did the old Florentines when they summoned ambassadors of princes and all the nobility of the city as to a joyful ceremony to see the erection of the bronze gates of the Baptistery, yet we may improve in the matter of dining and dancing, and learn to add taste and refinement and delicate conceits even to the vulgar acts of eating and drinking.

The tragedy of Mr. Kipling's illness, coupled with the death of

his little daughter, has brought all classes into sympathy with the great writer. Strange to say, though the virile qualities are most prominent in his work, unlike Robert Louis Stevenson he has managed to appeal as much by his stories of women and children, to women as to men. "Wee Willie Winkie" and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," together with "Plain Tales from the Hills," have interested and delighted the feminine mind ever since they appeared. The tenderness and pathetic innocence of the child, the wiles of the coquette, the sturdy self-sacrifice of the wife, have all received attention at his hands, and every woman feels that he, at least, has understood her feelings in a manner inexplicable to herself. With far greater truth, he is the novelist of women, as Bourget is called in France, for Bourget only describes the class of worldly and heartless women, who constitute a small section of society, whereas Kipling has delineated women of all classes, from the drab of the London streets to the Anglo-Indian, a type peculiar to its own country.

Tea-drinking has taken on a new impetus. In Paris and all continental towns frequented by the English, tea-rooms have rapidly multiplied. The Americans, a large coterie, have set the fashion, and five o'clock, as the French call it, is now a part and parcel of fashionable life. Everywhere the practice is spreading. French and Italian families enter the pastry cook's and ask for tea as naturally as do the English. To keep a tea-room on the Continent or in London is now a recognised profession for women, as lucrative as it is easy, for it requires little or no capital to start.

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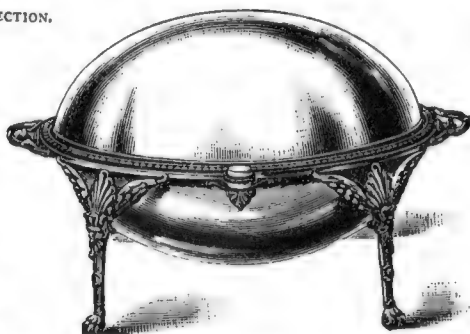
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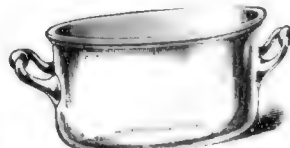


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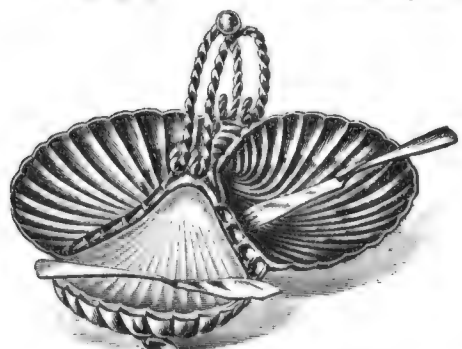
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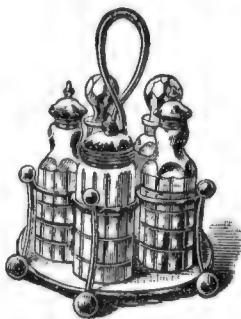
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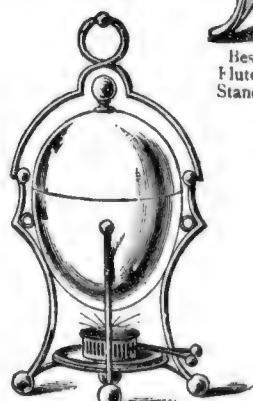
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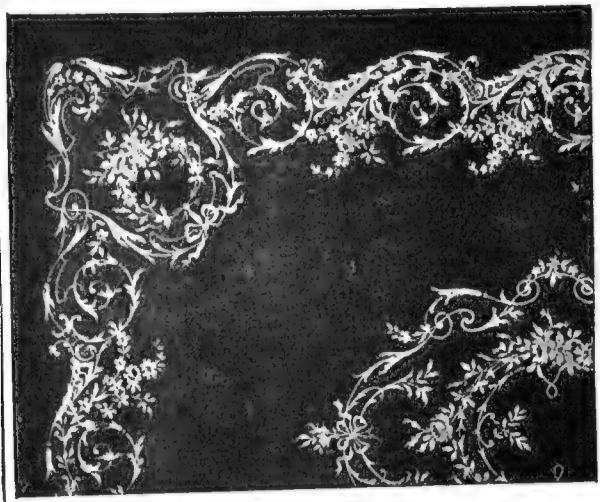
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New Novels

"BY BERWEN BANKS"

NEVER did the course of true love run more roughly than in the case of the two lovers in Allen Raine's new novel (Hutchinson and Co.)—Cardo Wynne and Valmai Powell. To begin with, they were respectively the son and niece of the vicar of a Welsh parish and of its Methodist preacher, who prayed for one another in public once a week with a deadly hatred. Then Cardo, after marrying Valmai secretly, had to go off for a year to Australia, where he lost his memory through concussion of the brain; and Valmai, in consequence of her evidently approaching motherhood, was turned out of doors, so that when her husband returned to himself and to Wales, she was lost in her turn. Even when she was discovered, her marvellous resemblance to a twin sister very nearly resulted, through a singular combination of circumstances, in life-long estrangement and broken hearts for both of them. However, all comes delightfully right at last, and one sincerely rejoices at it, for "By Berwen Banks" is a delightful novel, and a worthy successor to "A Welsh Singer" and "Torn Sails." Nothing better than this can be said by way of praise. Wales is to be congratulated on having acquired such a novelist all to herself as the writer of these three stories has already proved.

"WICKED ROSAMOND"

Miss Mina Sandeman's novel of "Wicked Rosamond" (John Long) is the complete opposite of its heroine—that is to say it is very good indeed. The story is original, powerful, and worth telling, and, on the whole, is well told. We have to say "on the whole," because Miss Sandeman's notions of the male creature are shadowy and crude, some of her men's talk being comically impossible, because her laudable views on cruelty to animals are absolutely irrelevant, and because her English is by no means always irreproachable. Perhaps, however, the last point is too usual among novelists to be worth particular mention. Very far from usual in fiction is the Honourable Rosamond Mayne, one of those persons who incline one to question whether every human being is necessarily possessed of a soul. Though a very up-to-date fine lady indeed, she comes at last to dabble in witchcraft, and to attempt the murder of her husband in the style of *Acqua Tofana*

period, obtaining from the victim himself the poisoner's fee. It is a story that might fail to convince, but it does convince most completely; it is all made to seem almost too painfully real.

"JOCK'S WARD"

Mrs. Herbert Martin has the secret of pathos, and the story of "Jock's Ward" (C. Arthur Pearson) is exactly suited to its effective exercise. Jock is a street arab; and his "ward," Ezra Dunstan, is an elderly workman, who has fallen into a sort of mental help-



This illustration gives an idea of the enormous sandhills which are blown up on this part of the South African coast. In some places they are several hundred feet high, and are still growing. The low bush, which grows down to the water's edge, also seems to thrive on these sandhills. The "up-country" people, who go to East London to spend their Christmas holidays on the beach, find it convenient and more economical to bring their apartments with them, for they pitch their tents where they please, and are as happy as the proverbial sandboy.

A HOLIDAY ENCAMPMENT ON THE BEACH AT EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA, AT CHRISTMAS TIME

From a Photograph by C. A. Chidell

lessness after having served a sentence for manslaughter: the victim having been his own only and darling child, whom, in accordance with the tenets of the Peculiar People, he had allowed to die. The relation between Jock the protector and Ezra the protected are full of touching interest, and Mrs. Martin has done well to exhibit them in a village so pleasantly replete with character as Harley Green. All ends agreeably; in short the novel is full of pleasantnesses, among which a certain feeling which the reader will occasionally experience about the throat and eyes holds a foremost position.

"Off the High Road: The Story of a Summer," by Eleanor C. Price (Macmillan and Co.), is, as its pleasant title betokens, a pleasant idyllic sort of story. It tells how that charming and high-spirited young heiress, Viola Fairfax, escaped from the persecutions of her designing guardians into a neighbourhood where she was unknown, and was thus enabled by a device of true love which the reader must learn for himself, to bring fortune as well as happiness to the impoverished house of Dampier. It is all very graceful and sympathetic, and the homely country portraiture with which it abounds, is fresh, lifelike, and amusing.

THREE BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

—"Walford's County Families of the United Kingdom" (Chatto and Windus), which now appears for the thirty-ninth successive year, is a monumental work. It claims to be a "dictionary of the upper ten thousand," and with its 1,200 pages it thoroughly fulfils its object. To all the names which are set forth alphabetically, whether the owner has a title or not, are appended an account of the descent, education and appointments of each person, the name of his heir, and a record of the offices he has held. The compilation of a work of this kind must entail a vast amount of patient labour. It is only necessary to think of the changes that take place each year, to imagine the care that has to be expended over "Walford." During the past year the deaths have been recorded of twenty-nine peers, seven wives, fourteen widows, and two eldest sons of peers; of thirty-two baronets, four wives, twenty-one widows, and two heirs apparent of baronets; of sixty knights, eighteen wives, and eighteen widows of knights; and of no fewer than 328 heads of families. Much praise is due to the editor, who has so faithfully carried on the work initiated by the late Mr. Edward Walford.—

"The Catholic Directory" (Burns and Oates, Limited) is published with the sanction of the Cardinal Archbishop and the Bishops in England and Wales. It may be regarded as the official handbook of the Church of Rome in this country, and contains a complete clergy list and particulars of that Church's religious and charitable institutions.—A new volume for the reference library is the "Printer's Year Book and Diary" (139 and 140, Fleet Street). It is handsomely bound and contains much that is interesting and useful to newspaper proprietors, printers and stationers, engravers and others.

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THE CARRARA MARBLE INDUSTRY

Why, with the exception of blasting powder, there has been no improvement introduced into the wasteful *modus operandi* of the Carrara Quarries for centuries past, or practically for the last 2,000 years, when those quarries were the rage of Rome, we cannot imagine, especially considering the advance made in mechanical science in these latter centuries. Nevertheless so it is. The workings of the Carrara Mines are as primitive in form as they were in the time of Cæsar. We rather imagine they are more so, as the great architects of Rome could scarcely limit their constructive genius to such simple methods as are now adopted in working these quarries. The Carrara Quarries have a wide world reputation, but, from ignorance or apathy, have had their expansion choked. These quarries occupy an area of twenty miles, situate on the spurs of the Apennines, inland of the towns of Carrara and Massa, near the Gulf of Genoa. The marble industry is of considerable magnitude, as it supports a town population of 15,000 inhabitants, and gives work to 6,000 labourers and 1,600 sculptors. The primitive means (as shown in the illustrations) by which marble is "won" from its Apennine mass has long astounded practical minds. The district is composed of high mountains of marble intersected by valleys. From the workings a "slip-way"

is formed by a sloping bank of *débris* running down the side of the mountain to a railway at foot. From Carrara there is rail communication without change of gauge between

the quarries and loading quays and the adjacent towns, including Spezia, Leghorn, and Genoa.

The means of getting the stone is, as we have

the rock by means of a wire rope saw, but there is an exceptional opportunity for the employment of electrical powers, and it will certainly assert its dominion before long.

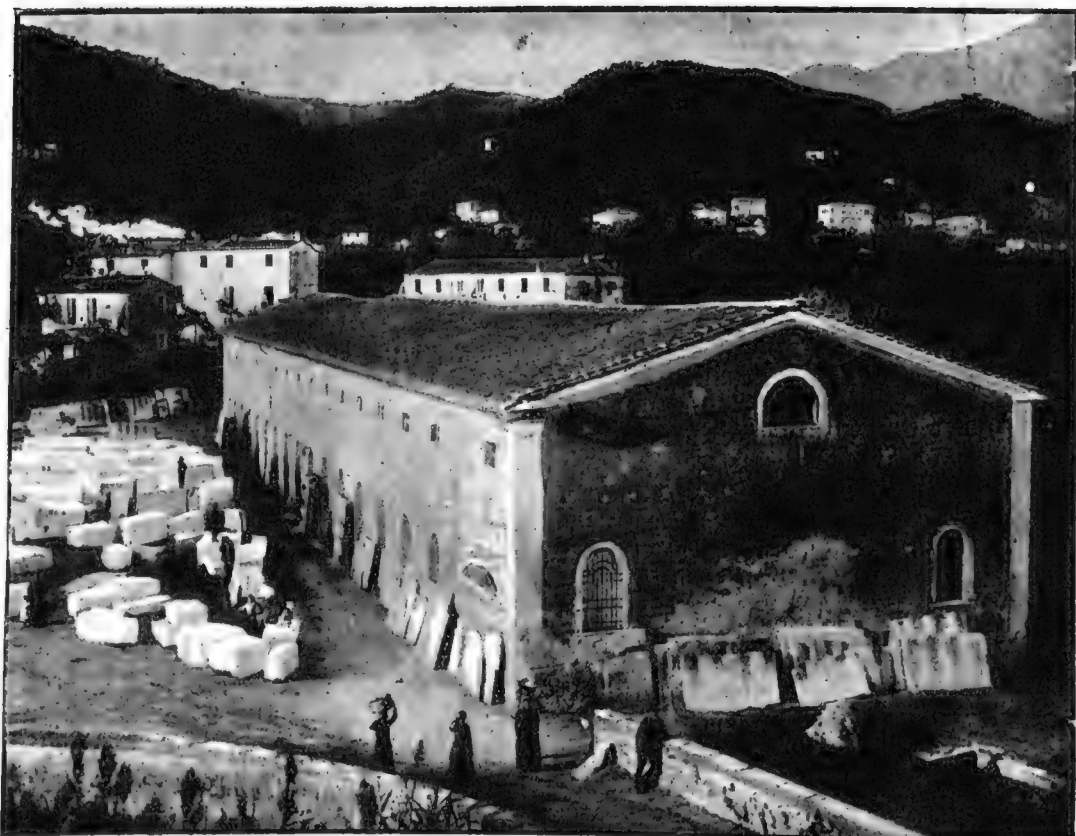


PRESENT METHOD OF SAWING MARBLE AT THE QUARRIES

already indicated, extremely primitive; in fact, with the exception of the use of blasting powder, is much the same as it was 2,000 years ago. The firing the blast generally brings down a more or less charge of marble, in large and small pieces; in some cases hundreds and even thousands of tons. The pieces are scattered in all directions, and the face of the stone split. Where blasting is impracticable, blocks are chiselled or wedged out of the quarry "face" by hand—a very slow and costly work. Blocks are roughly squared by chisel and hand, and by the ordinary hand or frame saw. The waste entailed by these primitive methods of working, results in the fact that not more than one-half of the stone quarried is sold. The squared blocks are placed upon a rough sledge and slowly lowered by hand, by means of an expensive Manila rope, down the face of the "slip-way" and over the marble *débris*, which of course soon chafes life out of the rope. This "life" is described as very short, and the rope very expensive—one block weighing eleven tons requires a gang of eighteen men to control the rope slide, and deal with the block, all of which expenditure of labour and time could be easily minimised by mechanical science. Experiments have been made to prove the possibility of sawing the block of marble direct from



INTERIOR OF SAW MILL SHOWING ONE OF SIXTEEN FRAMES



EXTERIOR OF SAW MILL.

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK"

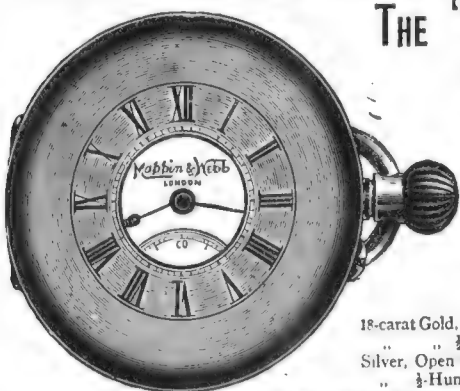
THE sort of plenary indulgence that has been extended to the audacious treatment of French history in the new historical melodrama at the ADELPHI would be a little puzzling if we did not know how readily, in their desire to be amused, audiences will grant the dramatist's postulates and connive at the make-believe devices of the playwright who is skilled in stage effect. The unnamed author of this amazing piece has adopted Voltaire's theory that the mysterious prisoner of Pignerol and the Bastille was a twin brother of Louis XIV., whom, for reasons of state, it was deemed expedient to conceal from the eyes of the world; but he has grafted upon this theme the notion of twin brothers who are so like each other that "no fellow," as my Lord Dundreary would say, can tell which is which. The cruel Queen mother, Anne of Austria, who has connived at the heartless burying alive of the first born of the two Princes, tries her hand at the problem and signally fails. The musketeers, who are sent by the intriguing St. Mars to arrest Marchiali—as the younger prince is called—are not less at fault. They have presumptively been seeing King Louis day by day in his Royal palace; they ought to know his features, his manners, and the inflections of his voice; but no sooner does Marchiali clap on a Royal mantle that has been carelessly laid on a chair than they salute him respectfully as their lawful sovereign and retire. Stranger still, when King Louis falls in love with Marchiali's fiancée, Louise de la Vallière, his companion from childhood at Sémur, the young lady is induced to go through a private marriage with the King in the full belief that she is marrying her old sweetheart; and what is more, she cohabits with her Royal husband for seven years, and becomes the mother of a young Prince without a suspicion of the trick that has been played upon her; though, it is true, she has a haunting feeling that her lord's manner is not quite so amiable

as it was wont to be in the days of their courtship. After this it is hardly surprising that the jailer of the Bastille becomes so befogged that he allows Marchiali to walk out of his prison in the belief that he is the King. It is the simplest thing in the world. His Majesty has, no matter for what reasons, come to visit his twin brother in his cell, in company with the Bishop of Vannes, who has secretly provided himself with a key of the iron mask together with a handkerchief steeped in something of the nature of chloroform. And what does the Right Reverend visitor do but suddenly apply the drugged handkerchief to the Royal nostrils till His Majesty falls senseless, whereupon, still defying the divinity that doth hedge a King, the Bishop transfers the iron mask to the King's head, and, handing over His Majesty's doublet and embroidered mantle to Marchiali, bids him walk forth a free man. In vain when he comes to his senses does the Grand Monarque protest. His expostulations are received by the jailer only with derision. It is only one more startling incident when, in the fifth and last act, the King, who is still masked and in the cell, is stabbed by St. Mars under the impression that he is Marchiali, while the latter, having taken the cruelly deceived Louise to his arms, is understood, as the curtain falls, to be about to quietly take his seat on the throne of France in the full confidence that nobody will ever discover that anything unusual has happened. The brisk succession of incidents, however, leaves little time for analysis, and it is certain that *The Man in the Iron Mask* interested and even delighted the ADELPHI audience. In this result the performers must claim a large share. Mr. Norman Forbes plays the dual part of King and prisoner with wonderful dexterity and cleverness, and Miss Kate Rorke wins pity for the cruelly hoaxed Louise. Clever performances also are Mr. Anson's jailer, Miss Genevieve Ward's Anne of Austria, Mr. Vernon's Bishop of Vannes, and Mr. Abingdon's St. Mars. The play, which is very picturesquely mounted, seems likely to bring prosperity to the new management.

"A LADY OF QUALITY"

Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett and her coadjutor, Mr. Stephen Towne-send, have not been enabled entirely to surmount the difficulties which ordinarily attend on the attempt to transfer a popular

novel to the stage; but *A Lady of Quality* is, nevertheless, full of interesting episodes, and its traits of manners in the early years of "good Queen Anne" are very interesting and attractive. Perhaps there may be ground to doubt whether our forefathers, who were so skilled in "the nice conduct of a clouded cane," were given to such frequent bowings and posturings, such oft repeated pressing of tri-cornered hats to the breast, or such frequent opening and shutting of snuff boxes, and dainty flourishings of cambric handkerchiefs. But this is the stage view of manners in those times, and I am not prepared to say that it is very greatly exaggerated. Anyway I am inclined to think that the spirited picture of a drunken revel at a country baronet's house, which occupies the first act, and serves to introduce that fascinating tomboy, Clorinda Wildairs, to the audience, is absolutely accurate, though I would fain barter a little of its fidelity to social history for the sake of a less head-splitting racket and bustle. Miss Eleanor Cilhoun's Clorinda, it must be confessed, is a performance of great spirit and vivacity combined with not a few genuinely pathetic passages, and she is very ably supported by Miss Marie Lin, Miss May Palfrey, Mr. Kendrick, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, Mr. William Farren, jun., Mr. Reginald Penny, and other members of the Comedy Company. Unfortunately, the startling scene in the panelled parlour, in which, provoked beyond measure by the cowardly persecutions of that mean and unscrupulous *chevalier de bonnes fortunes*, Sir John Oxon, Clorinda strikes him down on her feet with a blow from a loaded hunting crop, did not prove so thrilling or so impressive as was expected. There was a certain air of unreality about it. In the book we are cleverly prepared for this incident, which is not the less startling because the young lady has no intention of committing murder; on the stage it appears only a painful excess, and on the story of Clorinda's various matrimonial engagements. The business of wheeling the couch up to conceal the body, in order that the fierce Clorinda may receive her guests in the same room as if nothing remarkable had occurred, seemed, moreover, to be wanting in the solemnity which could alone save it from bordering on the ludicrous. Audiences in these days are so little given to bestow critical examination on "plots" that it may seem



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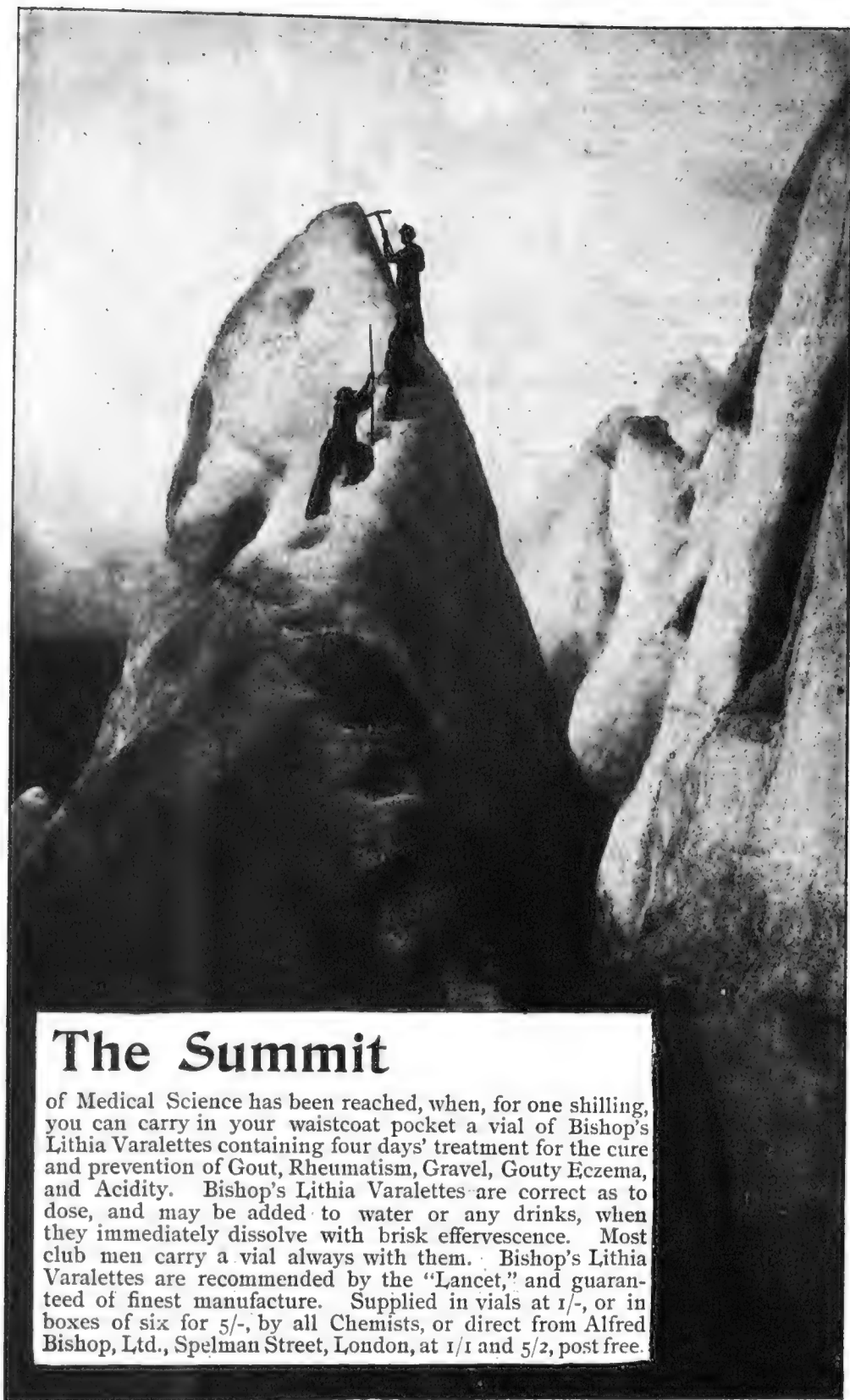
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is to be found in the railway rates which impede the transport of roots from districts well supplied to others where they are at a premium. The root crop, it must also be remembered, is a heavy one to transport, and should be consumed in the region where it is grown.

ADULTERATION OF DAIRY PRODUCE

Mr. Long's bill is being sharply criticised, but the principal objections taken as to the insufficiency of the tests for milk are based upon an ignorance of the essential difficulty. A witty writer, now no longer with us, said that the real adulterator was the cow, and the fact that milk as it comes fresh from "the milking mother of the herd" varies greatly in the quantity of water that it contains is one which renders the task of the analyst very difficult. We hardly see how he is to tell added water in rich milk from the

natural water in poor milk. The milking of the cows under Government inspection, and the subsequent delivery of the milk to the buyer without its leaving the inspectors' sight, would be the only ideal method. As this is impossible it seems as though Mr. Long, in simply insisting upon a certain moderate minimum standard of richness in the milk, was taking the only practicable course. The provisions against the adulteration of butter with margarine, on the other hand, are to blame, for they do not adopt practical methods which are recommended by experts, and they substitute nothing but difficult analysis in their place. The recommendation that margarine should be coloured differently to butter is practical and honest. The fact that it is bitterly opposed by vendors of margarine is of itself a strong motive for its adoption. An article which is sold on its own merits would lose no custom by being of a different colour from an entirely separate article.

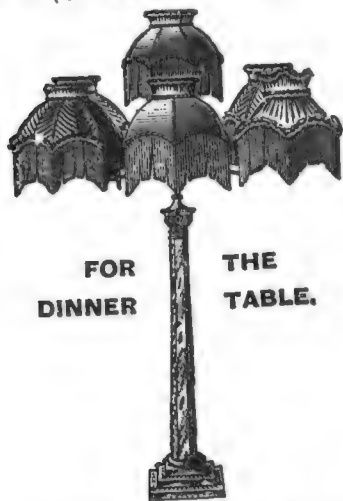
It is a pity to learn that the proposed Act whereby children shall be kept at school till twelve years old as the lowest age of leaving, is opposed in the agricultural districts, and is even denounced by a section of the rural Press. There is nothing sadder than the eagerness to take the young from the school and the playground in order to make money by their labours in the field and the shop. The shortsightedness of this policy needs no demonstration. It can be shown by measurement, the lads of our public schools being in height and chest measurement, in health and spirits, altogether superior to the boys of the same age who have left school for the factory or the desk. To say, therefore, that school up till twelve years of age is too much, is to state what disinterested and reflective people will happily be never brought to believe.



WOMEN AND WOMEN ONLY are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily. To cleanse, purify, and beautify the skin, to allay itching and irritation, and to prevent chafings, excoriations, and ulcerative weaknesses, nothing so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, followed when necessary by gentle applications of CUTICURA ointment, greatest of emollients and skin cures.

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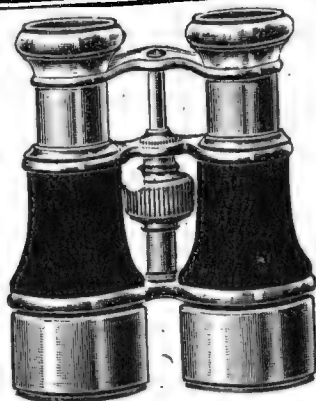


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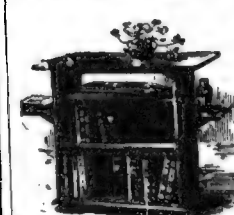
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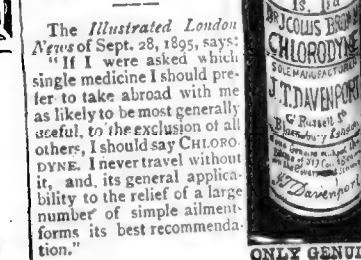
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GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBSON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "TWO DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA." Royal Irish Fusiliers, Cork, Feb. 6th, 1896.

DEAR SIR, I wish to give public testimony to the infinite value which your remedy for Dysentery and Diarrhœa (Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne) proved to several members of the Special Service Corps in the recent Ashanti Expedition. I bought a small bottle just before leaving London for West Africa, and having used it myself with beneficial result, I wrote some of my comrades with equal success (the much some of them were very bad). I should be very glad to recommend it to anyone about to travel in a treacherous climate, where they are so much exposed to this dangerous malady.

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This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

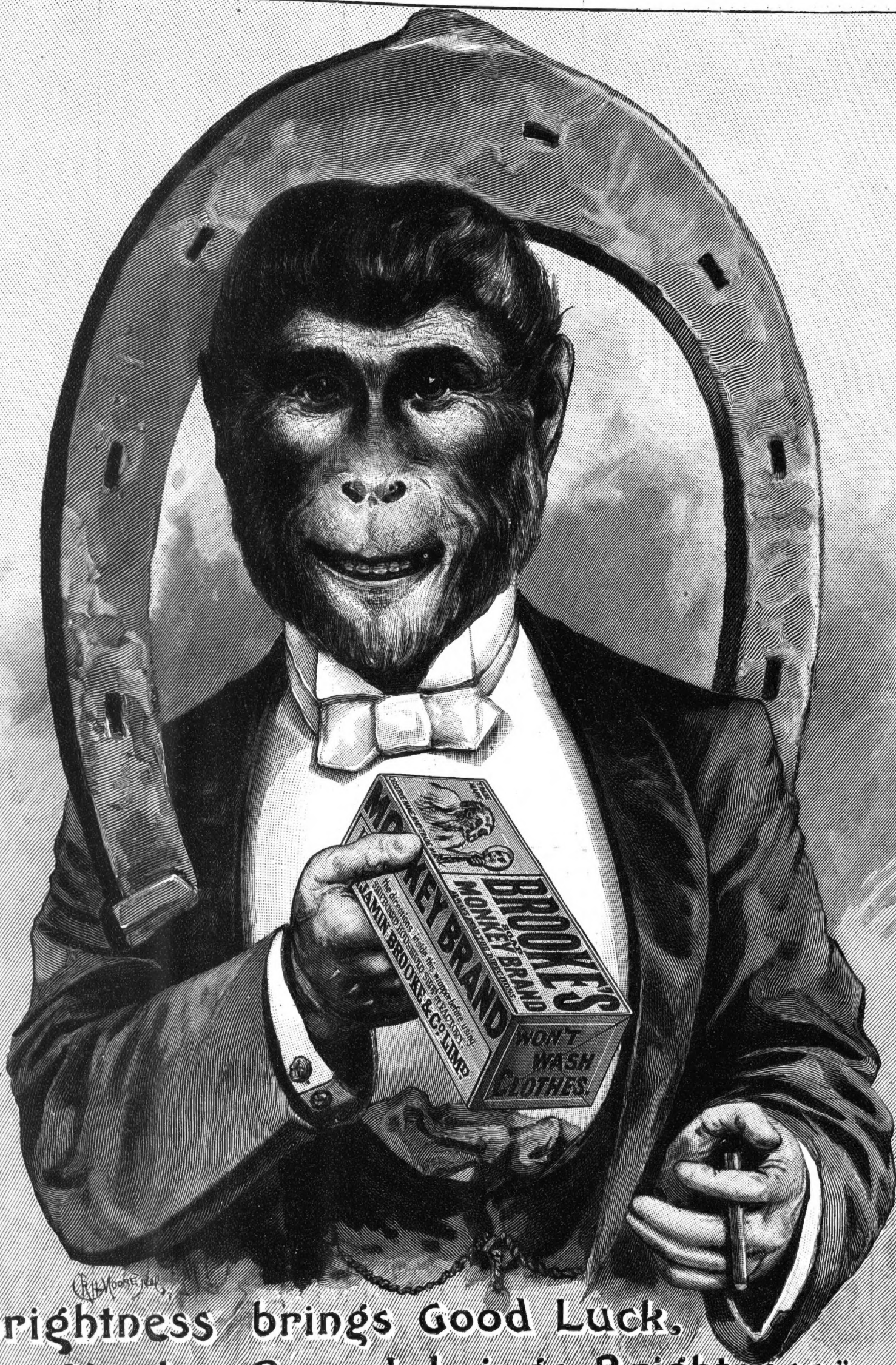
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE, Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE. The whole story of the invention was deliberately kept secret, and it is to say that it had been kept secret, see the Times, July 1st, 1896.

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Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it cures no unpleasant odour. IS NOT a dye. Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

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